

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 1561.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1857.

PRICE
FOURPENCE
Stamped Edition, 5d.

MINERALOGY.—KING'S COLLEGE.

LONDON.—Prof. TENNANT, F.G.S., will COMMENCE a COURSE of LECTURES on MINERALOGY, with a view to facilitate the Study of GEOLOGY, and of the Application of Mineral Substances in the ARTS. The Lectures will be illustrated by an extensive Collection of Specimens, and will begin on WEDNESDAY, October 7, at 9 o'clock, A.M. They will be continued on each succeeding Wednesday and Friday, at the same hour. Fee, 2s. 2d. R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—ANALYTICAL AND GENERAL CHEMISTRY.—THE LABORATORY.

under the direction of the Professors and Demonstrators, will be RE-OPENED on OCTOBER 2nd, for the reception of Gentlemen (not necessarily attending other Classes in the College) desirous of acquiring a practical knowledge of Analysis, and of the methods of conducting Chemical Investigations.—Fees and other particulars may be ascertained by application to the Secretary, J. W. CUNNINGHAM, Esq.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

SESSION 1857-58. WINTER TERM.

The LECTURES to the respective Classes will COMMENCE on THURSDAY, October 1, as follows:—

Anatomy.—Prof. Ellis, at Nine o'clock, A.M.
Anatomy and Physiology.—Prof. Sharpey, M.D., at Ten, A.M.
Chemistry.—Prof. Thompson, at Eleven, A.M.
Comparative Anatomy.—Prof. Grant, M.D., at Three, P.M.
Surgery.—Prof. Erichsen, at Four, P.M.
The Principles and Practice of Medicine.—Prof. Walsh, M.D., at Five, P.M.

Hospital Practice daily throughout the year; with Clinical Lectures by the Physicians and Surgeons; also Lectures on Ophthalmic Cases.

Prospectuses may be obtained at the Office of the College.
WILLIAM JENNER, M.D., Dean of the Faculty.
CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.
Sept. 21, 1857.

PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY.

BIRKBECK LABORATORY, UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

PROF. ALEXANDER W. WILLIAMSON, F.R.S.

Practical Instruction in ORGANIC and GENERAL CHEMISTRY, and the Principles of Chemical Research as applied more particularly to Agriculture, Medicine, and the Manufacturing Arts. The Laboratory is open daily from 1st October to the end of July, from Nine A.M. to Four P.M., except on Saturdays, when it is closed at Two o'clock.

Students occupy themselves with subjects of their own choice, under sanction of the Professor, by whom they are assisted with careful instruction and advice.

Gold and Silver Medals, as Rewards of Merit for this Class, are given by the Council.

Fees: Session, 2nd 2s.; six months, 1st 12s.; three months, 1st 10s.; one month, 2d 4s.

A Prospectus, with full details, may be had at the Office of the College.

COURSE OF GENERAL CHEMISTRY.—Prof. WILLIAMSON'S LECTURES are Daily, except Saturday, at Eleven, A.M., and on Saturdays, at Twelve, from 1st October to 31st March.

Fee for perpetual admission, 2l.; whole term, 2l.; half term, 1l.
EDWARD S. CREASY, A.M., Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Laws.
W. JENNER, M.D., Dean of the Faculty of Medicine.
CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.
September, 1857.

PROFESSORS' COLLEGE, 18, Hanover-square.

—Mr. F. LABACHE begs to announce that his LESSONS in SINGING will commence at the above Institution, on WEDNESDAY, the 30th instant, at 10.30 A.M.

PROFESSORS' COLLEGE, 18, Hanover-square.

—Mr. F. BAUME begs to inform his Friends that his FRENCH CLASS will re-open on WEDNESDAY, the 30th instant, at 3 o'clock P.M.—EVENING CLASSES for Gentlemen, at 7 P.M.

PROFESSORS' COLLEGE, 18, Hanover-square.

—The Rev. L. MARCUS, Professor of Latin, begs to announce that his CLASSES for that department will meet every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY AFTERNOON, during Term time, at 3 o'clock.

For particulars apply at the College.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE, TORONTO, CANADA.

The Senate of the University of Toronto having established a MASTERSHIP in Upper Canada College, with a special view to instruction in the highest branches of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE and its LITERATURE, Candidates are invited to forward their testimonials to the Provincial Secretary, Toronto, on or before the 1st of December next.

The emoluments are as follows:—Salary, 300l. Halifax currency, with his share of the fees, amounting at present to about 60l., and a free house. 50l. currency will be allowed for passage and outfit. Toronto, 27th August, 1857.

COLLEGE, REGENT'S PARK.—LAY DEPARTMENT.

—The SESSION commences on MONDAY, October 5. A Christian Home is provided, with general superintendence of Studies and opportunities of attending Literary and Medical Classes at University College, New College, and in the College itself. Apply to

JOSEPH ANGUS, D.D., Principal.
The Public Opening of the Session takes place on the 13th of October, when an ADDRESS will be given by Rev. Dr. HAMILTON, F.R.S.

METROPOLITAN SCHOOL OF SCIENCE,

applied to MINING and the ARTS.—The Prospectus for the coming Session, 1857-8, containing information about the Lectures, Laboratories, Fees, &c. is ready, and will be sent on application to TRENNAM REEKS, Esq., Museum of Practical Geology, Jernyn-street, Jernyn-street, Jernyn-street.

RODERICK I. MURCHISON, Director.

EXHIBITION OF ART-TREASURES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

The Executive Committee give notice, that the Exhibition WILL CLOSE on Thursday, the 18th of October.

By Order, THOMAS HAMILTON, Secretary.

THE SCHOOLS OF ART AND DRAWING at SOUTH KENSINGTON, and in the following Metropolitan Districts, will RE-OPEN on the 1st of October:

1. Spitalfields—Crispin-street, Spitalfields.
2. Finsbury—William-street, Wilton-square.
3. St. Thomas Charterhouse, Goswell-street.
4. Rotherhithe—Grammar School, Deptford-road.
5. St. Martin-in-the-Fields—Long-acre.
6. Lambeth—St. Mary's, Prince-road.
7. Hampstead—Dispensary Building, and 37, Gower-street, Bedford-square, for Female Students only.

For Prospectuses, Terms, &c. apply at the respective Schools. By order of the Committee of Council on Education.

CHEMISTRY.—DR. HOFMANN, F.R.S.

will commence a Course of Nine Lectures on CHEMISTRY, on MONDAY, the 8th of October, at Ten o'clock. Fee for the Course, 2l.

CHEMICAL and METALLURGICAL LABORATORIES.—The Royal College of Chemistry (the Laboratory of the Government School of Mines), under the direction of DR. HOFMANN and the Metallurgical Laboratory, under the direction of DR. PERCY, will RE-OPEN on MONDAY, the 8th of October.

At both of these Laboratories there are three Terms annually, of twelve weeks each. The Fee for working every day in the week is 10s. per Term.

PHYSICS.—PROF. STOKES, F.R.S., will commence a Course of Forty-eight LECTURES on PHYSICS, on MONDAY, the 8th of October, at 3 o'clock. Fee for the Course, 2l.

For Prospectuses apply at the School of Mines, Museum of Practical Geology, Jernyn-street.

TRENNAM REEKS, Registrar.

MR. KIDD'S PROVINCIAL LECTURES.

MR. WILLIAM KIDD will be in PLYMOUTH, Nov. 24; TAVERSTOCK, Nov. 24; EXETER, Nov. 25; TRURO, Nov. 26; LONDON, Nov. 27; LONDON, Nov. 28; LONDON, Nov. 29; LONDON, Nov. 30; LONDON, Dec. 1; LONDON, Dec. 2; LONDON, Dec. 3; LONDON, Dec. 4; LONDON, Dec. 5; LONDON, Dec. 6; LONDON, Dec. 7; LONDON, Dec. 8; LONDON, Dec. 9; LONDON, Dec. 10; LONDON, Dec. 11; LONDON, Dec. 12; LONDON, Dec. 13; LONDON, Dec. 14; LONDON, Dec. 15; LONDON, Dec. 16; LONDON, Dec. 17; LONDON, Dec. 18; LONDON, Dec. 19; LONDON, Dec. 20; LONDON, Dec. 21; LONDON, Dec. 22; LONDON, Dec. 23; LONDON, Dec. 24; LONDON, Dec. 25; LONDON, Dec. 26; LONDON, Dec. 27; LONDON, Dec. 28; LONDON, Dec. 29; LONDON, Dec. 30; LONDON, Dec. 31; LONDON, Jan. 1; LONDON, Jan. 2; LONDON, Jan. 3; LONDON, Jan. 4; LONDON, Jan. 5; LONDON, Jan. 6; LONDON, Jan. 7; LONDON, Jan. 8; LONDON, Jan. 9; LONDON, Jan. 10; LONDON, Jan. 11; LONDON, Jan. 12; LONDON, Jan. 13; LONDON, Jan. 14; LONDON, Jan. 15; LONDON, Jan. 16; LONDON, Jan. 17; LONDON, Jan. 18; LONDON, Jan. 19; LONDON, Jan. 20; 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EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. CCXVI. October, 1857.—ADVERTISEMENTS intended for insertion are requested to be forwarded to the Publishers immediately. ADVERTISEMENTS and BILLS cannot be received later than Saturday, October 10th.

London: Longman and Co. 39, Paternoster-row.

LIVERPOOL and MANCHESTER PHOTOGRAPHIC JOURNAL, edited by T. A. MALONE, Esq., published on the 1st and 15th of each Month.—ADVERTISEMENTS for the publication of 1st of October must be sent on or before WEDNESDAY, the 30th inst. to the Publisher, HANAY GREENWALD, 32, Castle-street, Liverpool.

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THE SOLICITOR'S JOURNAL and **REPORTER**, No. 29, for THIS DAY, contains: Leading Articles: 'Professional Education'; 'New Law Courts'; 'A Summary of the Week's Legal News—Selection of Practical Statutes—Legislation of the Year—Recent Decisions in Chancery—Correspondence—Review: Cole on the Domestick of Englishmen in France—Judicial Business Report—Gazettes, &c. &c.—Digest of Cases decided during the past Year.—Price 1s., or without the Digest, 8d.

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London: Groombridge & Sons, Paternoster-row.

THE STUDENT'S NUMBER of the **MEDICAL TIMES** and **GAZETTE**, of SATURDAY, September 26, contains full particulars of the Rules, Regulations, and Fees of the Universities, Colleges, and Hospital Medical Schools in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Price 7d., stamped ad.

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REVIEWS

The Accession of the Emperor Nicholas I.—[Voshestvie na Prestol Imperatora Nikolaya I.] Drawn up by Imperial command by Baron Korff. Third Edition, the first for the Public. (St. Petersburg.)

"THERE is as yet," says the preface to the first private edition of this work, "no full and satisfactory narrative of the memorable events which distinguished the period that elapsed from the receipt of the news of the decease of the Emperor Alexander to the close of the 14th of December, 1825 (the 26th N.S.). Foreigners who speak of Russia are often in error, even when they wish to be correct, and Russian writers are hampered by the rules of the censorship, which is as indispensable as it is beneficial in our state of society. . . . To place facts in their proper light, and to fill up for the future historian of Russia so important a blank which posterity would never forgive us for leaving, his Imperial Highness the Crown-Prince Alexander Nicolaevich condescended, with the Imperial consent, to enjoin Baron Korff to draw up a circumstantial narrative, as complete as possible, of the above events, based on the most authentic data. This work is now accomplished. It is not a history, which is only possible when contemporaries have passed away, but a faithful chronicle such as it is a duty for contemporaries to furnish. A chronicle should show what took place, and how; a history estimates the value of what has been transacted, and pronounces its sentence thereon."

This statement of the nature of the volume is immediately followed by a list of the sources from which its information is derived. The first of these is, "A circumstantial memoir, written by the Emperor Nicholas with his own hand, for the Imperial family"; the second, "Recollections of the Grand-Duke Michael, drawn up under his own immediate superintendence"; and a host of other documents from members of the Imperial family and high officials concerned in the events are also appealed to. It will be a matter of regret to the historian that these original documents were not given to the public in place of the narrative based upon them. Even the circulation of the narrative, however, was, in the first instance, confined within narrow bounds. The Grand-Duchess Olga, when, at the close of 1848, she heard of its existence in a single manuscript, was the first to suggest that it should be preserved from the risk of destruction by the press, and a small edition of twenty-five copies was struck off, which was kept strictly private. The Emperor Nicholas, though he had carefully revised and corrected the narrative, positively refused to allow it to be made public. "From the course and connexion of the events, and the nature of the personal acts of the young monarch, the simple and naked truth assumed," we are told, "the appearance of flattery, and modesty is the inseparable companion of true greatness." A second edition, also, of twenty-five copies only, was struck off in his lifetime in 1854, but kept as private as the first. The death of the Emperor followed soon after. "Now," we are told in the preface to the third edition, "when Russia and Europe have received the full particulars of the closing day of that illustrious life, the Emperor, now happily reigning, has esteemed it of service for the memory of a father who can never be forgotten, to make public the history of the first day of his career as a sovereign."

It is evident from this statement that the

work before us, though not actually a piece of autobiography from the pen of the Emperor Nicholas, is the nearest approach to it that could well be made. It is based upon statements supplied by himself, it has been revised by himself, and it was printed with his sanction. We have seen it hinted, also, that the present Emperor Alexander has a greater share in the composition of the volume than the preface would assign him, and there are, indeed, reasons, if the case be so, why, from the frequent mention of his own name, it might be considered suitable to attach to the narrative the name of some one else as the author.

With these extraordinary points of interest about it, the work has already made some noise in Europe, though as yet it has made its appearance in the Russian language only. Paragraphs in the newspapers have told us that it was creating an unparalleled sensation at St. Petersburg. Translations of it are announced in French and German. One in English is to appear immediately from the same great publishing house which recently gave us the autobiographical records of an English Prime Minister.

The European public is doomed to be disappointed. It will not, indeed, find the disclosures of the Emperor Nicholas so dry as the disclosures of Sir Robert Peel the elder—if disclosures they are to be called,—but there is a strong resemblance between the two. In both cases not only the main outline, but the principal features of the events are already known: the main outline being all that many will care to know, and in both cases the veil is only imperfectly removed from the rest. The Emperor and the Premier make no confessions, unless it be a confession to acknowledge to all the virtues under the sun, with the admission that any apparent error they fell into was owing to an unusual delicacy of conscience or sense of honour. Their statements are *ex parte* statements, in the nature of a brief on their own side.

The most glorious day of the Emperor Nicholas's reign is considered to be that in which he displayed his presence of mind in crushing a mutiny—in defeating on the principal square of his capital his own insurgent soldiers. This volume is a history of that day, and an explanation of how it came to pass that the principal victory of a Russian emperor, whose boast is in the unbounded loyalty of his subject millions, was gained over Russians in the streets of St. Petersburg. The cause that led to it is stated—in this Imperial narrative, perhaps, even more distinctly than it has been elsewhere—to have been a misunderstanding originating solely and exclusively in the Imperial family.

The three sons of the Emperor Paul, to whom in succession the title of Emperor descended, Alexander, Constantine, and Nicholas, were, it appears, all three far from eager to obtain that power which has so often been the object of the ambition of those not born to it. Alexander already at the age of eighteen, and before his accession to the throne, wrote a letter to his friend, Prince Kochubey, which is given at the outset of the narrative, in which he announced his intention of renouncing his position as heir to the empire, and going "to settle with his wife on the banks of the Rhine, to live tranquilly as a private person, fixing his happiness in the society of his friends and the study of nature." The same idea pursued him through life, and in the summer of 1819 he surprised his brother, the Grand-Duke Nicholas, by the sudden information that to him would fall the sceptre. "I have talked

it over more than once," he said, "with my brother Constantine, but he being of about the same age as myself, like myself without children, and also with a rooted aversion to the throne, is absolutely resolved not to succeed me, the more so as we both see that you have a mark of the Divine favour in its having given you a son. You should know therefore beforehand that you will be called hereafter to the Imperial dignity." The record of this conversation bears evident signs of the reserve and reticence to which we have alluded. It is hardly possible to suppose that the mental and moral inferiority of Constantine, which was remarked upon by all Europe, as placing him upon a level with his father, the Emperor Paul, should not have been alluded to in a conversation between his two brothers on the question of his not succeeding to the throne. It is here implied that the sole reason of his not succeeding lay in his own wish to that effect:—there is ample proof in the subsequent narrative that this, at all events, was not supposed to be the case by those who knew him best.

The Emperor Alexander did not speak of his abdication as a measure immediately to be carried into effect. Ten years, he said, in 1819, might possibly elapse before it, and he was still talking of it when, in 1825, he died. In the interval, in 1822, a correspondence had passed between him and the Grand-Duke Constantine, in which Constantine formally renounced his right to the succession to the throne, and Alexander caused an official document to be drawn up to that effect, of which he deposited copies, together with this correspondence, at the Council of State, and in the public offices, in sealed packets, with this inscription in his own hand and with his signature, "To be kept till demanded by me; and in the case of my decease, to be opened at once before proceeding to any other business whatever." It is a striking instance of the dumb submissiveness of the highest Russian circles, and the dread of any mention of State affairs, that the existence of these packets, and of this official document, remained an absolute secret in the possession of so few, that the Grand-Duke Nicholas himself whom they formally constituted heir to the Russian throne, knew nothing of them. The Emperor Alexander, when he was about to start on the journey to Taganrog, from which he was destined never to return, had a long conversation with Nicholas, in which he spoke of a variety of subjects, but said nothing of this. The motive for this secretiveness on the part of the Emperor it is difficult to fathom; and it must, perhaps, be regarded as exclusively morbid. It is obvious that in the case of a change of succession, the surest method to forestall doubt and difficulty is to make it as public as possible, and the result of an opposite line of conduct in this case was, that it led to serious danger. It so happened that when Alexander died, almost suddenly, on the borders of the Black Sea, Constantine, still universally regarded as heir to the throne, was at Warsaw, and Nicholas at St. Petersburg. The news was first sent to Warsaw, where the fourth brother, the Grand-Duke Michael, chanced to be, on a visit to Constantine. There might have been a very reasonable doubt how the wild Constantine would act when the opportunity was actually presented to him of ascending the throne. He had heard the news of Alexander's illness, and did not communicate it to Michael; but when the news of the death arrived, his mind was made up, and he sent his brother to St. Petersburg with a letter to Nicholas, in which, "throwing himself at the feet of his Imperial Majesty," he "humbly implored" him

to carry into effect the arrangements that had been made with Alexander.

The arrival of the news of Alexander's death at St. Petersburg followed very fast the news of his illness, which assembled the Imperial family at the palace chapel at prayers for his recovery. Orders had been given that if a fresh courier arrived from Taganrog during the service, the Grand-Duke Nicholas should be summoned by a tap on a particular door. The tap was heard, and on leaving the sacristy, in which he was attending the Empress-Mother, he was told that all was over. A description of the scene that followed is given in the narrative from the pen of the celebrated Russian poet Zhukovsky, who was present.—

On a sudden, when, after the burst of sacred melody from the singers, the chapel was again quiet, and nothing heard but the prayers, pronounced in a low tone by the officiating priest, a light tap was heard on a door. From what it proceeded, I do not know; I only know that I shuddered, and that all who were in the chapel turned their eyes with uneasiness to the door. No one entered, and the prayers went on; but they did not continue long. The northern door was opened, and from the altar came forth the Grand-Duke Nicholas, deathly pale. He made a sign with his hand for silence. All was silent, lost in perplexity; and then at once all comprehended that the Emperor was no more. A deep sigh ran through the chapel. In a minute afterwards all was in agitation—everything was melted into a noise of cries and passionate weeping. Little by little the worshippers dispersed, and I remained alone. In the confusion of my thoughts, I did not know which way to go; and at last mechanically, instead of leaving the chapel by the usual entrance, I went by the northern door towards the altar. What did I see? The door into a side apartment stood open; there the Empress-Mother, Maria Theodorovna, lay almost senseless, in the arms of the Grand-Duke; before her, on her knees, was the Grand-Duchess, Alexandra Theodorovna, entreating her to compose herself. "Mother, dear mother, for God's sake be calm." At this moment, the priest took from the altar the cross and moved towards the door, bearing it on high. Seeing the cross, the Empress fell before it on the ground, pressing her forehead to the floor almost at the feet of its bearer. The unspeakable greatness of this spectacle struck me forcibly—almost unconsciously I sank on my knees before the sacredness of maternal grief, before the head of an Empress lying in the dust beneath the cross of a suffering Saviour. They raised the Empress, almost unconscious, placed her in a chair, and carried her into an inner apartment.

Leaving the Empress-Mother to the consolation of his wife, Nicholas hastened to inform the guard of the palace that the Emperor was dead, and to call upon them to take the oath to his successor, the Grand-Duke Constantine. In the chapel in which the scene described had just taken place, he himself first took the oath, and was followed by all the military and civil dignitaries then at the palace. On returning to his mother, the Empress exclaimed, in consternation, "Nicholas, what have you done—do you not know, then, that there is a document which names you presumptive heir?" This was the first certain information that he received of its existence. "If there is one," he replied, "I do not know it, nor does any one else; but this we all know, that our master, our legitimate sovereign after the Emperor Alexander, is my brother Constantine; we have done our duty, therefore, come what may."—"Then began," says Baron Korff, "that magnificent episode in our history, no counterpart to which is presented in the annals of any other nation. History, we may well say, with a great author, is nothing but the record of human ambition. To obtain power, justly or unjustly—to preserve or extend power, when once obtained—to recover it when lost—these are the

points around which all other historical movements revolve as their centre. Among us alone history departed from its established laws and presented an example of a contest hitherto unheard of—a contest not to obtain power, but to resign it."

There is much in these observations that commands our assent. But it has always been felt, we believe, in reading the public correspondence of the two brothers, Constantine and Nicholas, on this occasion, that the tone was pitched too high,—that it did not sound sincere. We have now access to some of their private correspondence at the same period, but it is all in the same strain, and cannot pass as what the French call their "last word." It is now, indeed, sufficiently evident that Nicholas prided himself on being a man of honour and a man of his word; and that he made it a point that no one should be able to say that he clutched at the sceptre, or encroached one inch on his brother's rights or claims without not only his previous consent, but his previous request. But are we to believe that he was sincerely anxious that Constantine, the weak and wild,—that one of the family who in mind and person most resembled the Emperor Paul, whose reign terminated so unhappily, should mount to that summit of power in which, as the interior family pictures of this volume show us, the Autocrat tolerates "no brother near the throne," to know his intentions, far less to share his authority? We are not left entirely to conjecture on this subject. The correspondence concluded with a profession on Nicholas's part, apparently quite as sincere as any of the rest, that he should still look up to Constantine as the real Emperor, and be guided by his wishes;—it is well established that he utterly disregarded them, and that Constantine sank into insignificance.

This punctilious care on the part of Nicholas to avoid the appearance of usurpation unhappily led, in the sequel, to a considerable loss of life,—to the very outbreak on the repression of which his reputation for courage and presence of mind was founded.

The blood that was afterwards shed on the day of his accession appears to have flowed from no other cause than the singular blindness of the three Princes. Alexander, by his morbid concealment of the transfer of the right of succession threw everything and every one into a wrong position. Nicholas, by his over-anxiety to avoid the appearance of an interregnum, and the haste with which he took the oath to Constantine, though he at all events knew enough to be aware that his acceptance was doubtful, led those who followed him into a sort of trap. He was afterwards extremely anxious to persuade himself and others that it was impossible he could have acted different, and that it was the obstinacy of Constantine in not coming to St. Petersburg that was the sole cause of the subsequent outbreak; but the narrative now given to the world affords the strongest proofs that the fact was otherwise.

The administration of the oath to Constantine as Emperor went on by Nicholas's orders throughout Russia. After receiving Constantine's letter of abdication from Warsaw he despatched his aide-de-camp, Lazarev, to Warsaw, to solicit the withdrawal of the abdication; and afterwards sent the Grand-Duke Michael in the same direction on the same mission, or to prevail upon Constantine, if he persisted in resigning the government, to come to St. Petersburg and do so in person. Before Michael had gone far on his journey he met Lazarev on his return with a letter, in which Constantine stigmatized the taking of the oath to himself as "irregular and illegal," and expressed his

indignant surprise that the wishes of the Emperor Alexander had not been better respected after his death. The opposition of Nicholas could not be prolonged without danger to the position of the house of Romanov, and his decision was quickened by the information which he received from the generals, who had surrounded the Emperor Alexander at Taganrog, that a great conspiracy in favour of a constitution had been discovered among the officers of the army:—a piece of information which was entirely new to Nicholas.

The point which is kept in the background in this official and imperial narrative, the existence of a constitutional party in the Russian army, is of much higher interest to the foreign reader, than the family disputes, which alone had interest for the Russian nation.—

The closing period of the life of the Emperor Alexander [says Korff] was darkened with discoveries saddening to his heart. So early as 1816, on the return of our armies from their foreign expedition, some of the young people had taken up the idea of establishing among us something similar to the secret political societies which then existed in Germany. The first society of this kind, originally founded on the ideas of three persons, had gradually extended: in February, 1817, it assumed a sort of regular shape, under the name of the "Soyuz Spaseniya," or the "Union to Save." A handful of senseless young men, unacquainted either with the requisites of the empire or with the spirit and real needs of the people, nourished daring visions of a transformation of the whole frame of government, and soon to this idea was added the sacrilegious project of regicide. There is reason to think that a part of these intentions became known to Alexander in the year 1818, during his stay at Moscow, when those around him remarked a sudden change of disposition and a peculiar sadness, such as they had never observed before. Afterwards, the exterior manifestation of the grief that weighed upon him was softened down in some degree, but the occasion for it did not cease to exist. Through the influence of his heart, always much more inclined to mildness than severity, the Emperor looked on these destructive principles with a spirit of magnanimity, in the expectation probably that time would heal the misguided, from more than one of whom it was possible to hope—if their talents were employed in a different spirit—real services to the empire. He kept in the deepest secrecy what was known to him and only to very few others, confining himself to attentive observation only.

Nicholas was startled to hear of the unimagined dangers which threatened him, and the extent of which seemed to augment with every day. A long and circumstantial account is given in the narrative of an interview between him and a young officer of the name of Rostovtsov, who, hearing from a friend in the army language which seemed to threaten the lives of the Imperial family, thought it his duty to warn the Grand-Duke of the danger. The impetuous gratitude of Nicholas at the warning serves as a measure of the depth of the apprehension that had been excited. That there would be an outburst on the occasion of administering to the army the new oath of fidelity to Nicholas as Emperor was the main information that could be gathered by the Government, and the police of St. Petersburg was utterly at fault as to the parties from whom danger was to be apprehended. When under these circumstances Nicholas determined that the oath should be administered on the 14th (26th) of December, he wrote to a friend—"On the 14th I shall be emperor or a corpse." On the morning itself he said, "If I am emperor only for an hour I will show that I am worthy of it."

The 26th of December was the first, and is considered the most glorious day of Nicholas's thirty years' reign. The expected insurrection broke out in the morning, and was crushed

so effectually in the afternoon that from that day it gave no further trouble. The friends of liberty may well regret that the iron despotism of the Russian state continues unshaken; but they can hardly regret that that particular attempt to overthrow it failed, for in the place of despotism it seemed likely to introduce nothing but anarchy. There is, however, a "Russian Free Press" in London, established in defence of the principles of Socialism, but conducted with eminent ability,—it is probable that it may have remarks to offer on the statements of this official and imperial narrative, which may elucidate some of the points it leaves in convenient obscurity. The conspirators, who had a constitution in view, it is generally agreed, found it impossible to imbue the masses whom they led into insurrection with any idea of what a constitution was. The soldiers who revolted, revolted in defence of the supposed rights of Constantine, to whom they had sworn the oath of fidelity a few days before, and whom they supposed the victim of the ambitious projects of his brother. The word "Constitutsya" has in Russian a feminine termination, and it is said that the mutinous soldiers who shouted for it had an idea that it was the name of Constantine's wife. The main body of insurgents were, in fact, as loyal in their own way to the house of Romanov as the soldiers whom they encountered. The one party defended the cause of Constantine, and the other that of Nicholas.

Among the incidents of that day, one or two are of particular interest. A body of the insurgents had gone to the Winter Palace, where the officer who led them had formed the project of destroying the Imperial family in one general massacre. The intended crime was frustrated by the combination of a few insignificant accidents, and the insurgents as they marched away happened to meet the Emperor.

"The Emperor, knowing nothing of what had occurred," says Korff, "rode, as we before observed, back to the Winter Palace. Before the building of the General Staff the crowd of revolted soldiers met him, with banners aloft, but without officers, and in complete disorder. Perplexed at their appearance, but not suspecting the truth, he determined to stop them, and draw them up better. To his call of 'Halt,' they replied, 'We are for Constantine.'—'If so, then that is your way,' coolly replied the Emperor, and pointing towards the Senate Square, commanded his own soldiers to open, and allow the mutineers to pass. They rushed past him on both sides of his horse, and soon joined themselves to the other insurgents. Providence itself must have impressed the Emperor with this thought. The activity of the mutineers was diffused in different places, and had nearly led to bloodshed under the windows of the palace; by removing the mutineers thence, and concentrating the whole body on one spot, and thus facilitating their decisive defeat, this measure, it may be said, decided the fortune of the day." This incident appears to have been the origin of the story, which we find in various books of travels, that the Emperor quelled the insurrection by simply presenting himself to the insurgents, and commanding them to kneel and ground their arms.

There was a long delay to attack the mutineers, while troops were being collected to overawe them.—

The boldness of the insurgents, reinforced by the Grenadiers of the Life Guards, increased still more. They quickened their irregular firing, and the bullets began to whistle around the Emperor. He was looking in the direction of Benkendorf, who was not far from him, and observing that he was scolding some soldiers, asked the reason, and

learning that it was because they ducked their heads out of the way of the shot, he spurred his own horse till it carried him forward among the bullets. Now and before, the rabble, always inclined to mischief, and encouraged by the example of impunity on the part of the mutineers, began from corners and from behind the boards of scaffolding, to throw billets of wood and stones at the soldiers. Some of them, bribed with money and wine, began to pass over openly to the insurgents. At one of the volleys from the latter, the Emperor's horse took fright, and leaped on one side. He then observed that the mob around him, whom at first he could not persuade to put on their hats, began to put them on, and to look at him in an insolent manner. "Hats off!" [Shapki doloy], he vociferated, with involuntary sternness. In a moment all heads were bare, and the mob was scampering off. The place was clear without further delay, and piquets of cavalry were stationed at the entrances of the streets to allow no one to pass to the square.

For four hours the mutiny continued unshaken. At three in the afternoon, when the artillery was all in readiness, and longer delay was thought dangerous, the Emperor sent General Sukhozavet to summon the insurgents to surrender on a promise of mercy. It was a service of danger, for Miloradovich, the military governor of St. Petersburg, had fallen mortally wounded in a similar attempt. Sukhozavet returned unsuccessful, with a volley fired after him.

"Your Majesty," he reported on his return, "the madmen shout 'Constitution!'" The Emperor shrugged his shoulders, and raised his eyes to heaven. All means had been tried and exhausted. The decisive moment was come. He gave the order, "Fire the cannon in succession, the right flank commencing first." The command, repeated by all the officers in order of seniority, has been uttered by the very last, Bakunin, when the heart of the Emperor failed him. The order "Stop" came in time to prevent the volley. In a few seconds the same process was repeated. At length the Emperor gave orders for the third time. The fatal "Fire!" was again pronounced by Bakunin; but remained without effect. The cannoner, who had twice heard a countermand, was in no hurry to execute the order. In an instant, Bakunin sprang from his horse, rushed to the cannon, and demanded of the cannoner why he did not fire. "Were I myself standing at the cannon's mouth," he cried, "and orders were given to fire, you should not dare to hesitate." The cannoner obeyed. The first volley struck high against the walls of the Senate House; it was answered with wild cries and an active fire. But a second and third followed, which went into the very thick of the crowd, and threw it at once into confusion.

In a few minutes the mutineers had taken to flight, and the victory of the Emperor was secure.

Our remarks have extended to such a length that we have only room to add, that whether the production of an imperial or a baronial pen, the style of the narrative has considerable merit; it is lucid and generally simple. The greatest defect is an over-attention to minute particulars, which sometimes more than verges on the pedantic. This may, perhaps, be thought to point out that the volume really belongs to its nominal author, who is the head of the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, and chiefly known as a bibliographer, and the careful republisher of some tracts on the history of Russia during the last three centuries.

The Angler and Tourist's Guide to the Rivers, Lakes, and Remarkable Places in the Northern Counties of Scotland. To which is added, Instructions to Young Anglers. By Andrew Young. (Edinburgh, Black.)

Mr. Young, it will be seen, commences his book with an offence against syntax. The

reader will recollect the sentiment of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, with regard to the respective merits of his correspondent's heart and orthodoxy,—and forgive Mr. Young's bad numbers for the sake of his good advice. Briefly and well the author discourses of the qualities of one-and-twenty Scotch rivers, and also of the qualities required in those who resort to them. In the true spirit of his craft, he looks upon angling as "one of the best appreciated of our national sports;" and he maintains, that "as year after year produces new swarms of fish, it also produces at least proportionate swarms of new sportsmen." It is for the "new" sportsmen that his little book is chiefly written. They are generally "freshmen," in every sense of the word, trusting to traditional ideas, and not being at all aware that what may be good for one month may be the contrary for another, and that even rivers differ in their ways as much as the fish. Mr. Young treats of lochs as well as rivers, commencing with the latter, on the west coast of Sutherland, and ending with the streams in Caithness. Between loch and river, too, there is one great distinction, of very great importance to the angler. Except Loch Naver, all the Sutherlandshire lochs are free to fair and honest anglers who will simply ask the permission of the resident land-steward or factor. The salmon rivers, however, are under another sort of administration. The salmon-fishing is generally let. The innkeepers appear to have the letting: two rods only are permitted at a time, at 10s. 6d. per rod per day,—the fish caught being delivered up. There are some exceptions even to this rule, for Mr. Young says, that "the salmon-fishing in the Cassley is not let, and strangers would probably obtain permission by applying." Upon rivers, inns, and roads, the author is clear and explicit. How to get to the locality, the respective situations there, the sport to be expected, and the manner of dealing with the latter, in rivers especially, where hooking the fish is easy enough, but the landing of it is the true work,—all this is told in an intelligible and pleasant way.

Mr. Young gives some capital counsel to smart young anglers,—the concluding portion of which is—"Be sure at night to dry the flies you have been using through the day, and reel off all the wet line from the winch, &c. Send the gilly early to bed, and be sure not to drink that stuff that they compound of whisky, sugar, and boiling water. It is bad for muddling the brain and making you drowsy, and angling requires a clear brain and open eyes; therefore I hope you will avoid both the whisky and the water (?), and your chance of fish will be all the better." It is something to hear a Scottish man denouncing toddy; but there is something else he denounces quite as vigorously:—"Our Scottish Rights Association," he says, "take up their time with mere moonshine, such as what paw of a lion should be up, and what down; whereas were they to watch over the real Scottish rights, it would be seen that no part of Scotch property should be hurt or destroyed by acts regarding matters of which the legislators are quite ignorant." The Scotch property to which Mr. Young especially alludes is the salmon rivers, *par excellence*. With regard to these rivers, he says, laws were once made to suit them, but that now the rivers are made to suit the laws. In the good old times, salmon was commonly caught in the Thurso, in December and January,—such is not now the case; and the author wonders "that Scotch proprietors can rest contented, and see the best half of their property thrown to the wind by an English Parliament." So that here is really a respectable grievance for the Association, which

has hitherto grumbled the more that it has had nothing to grumble at.

Passages in the Life of a Soldier; or, Military Service in the East and West. By Lieut.-Col. Sir James E. Alexander. 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

THE reminiscences collected in these volumes are not of very old date. Half of them belong to the campaign in the Crimea; the others go back no further than 1849, the period of the Elgin riots in Canada. A sort of insurrectionary burlesque was then enacted at Montreal; and reading the account of it, we might fancy ourselves confusing, in a dream, episodes of the great revolutions in France and England. A vast crowd is seen assembled on the New-world "Champ de Mars,"—an insurgent column pours out of the colonial "Faubourg St.-Antoine,"—a man with a broken nose enters the Hall of Assembly at the head of an armed rabble, walks up the steps, seats himself in the Speaker's chair, exclaims "I dissolve this House," and presides while that bable, the silver-gilt mace, is taken away. In 1848, Sir James Alexander, serving on the North American staff, was with Sir Benjamin D'Urban at Sorel, forty miles from Montreal;—in 1849, he witnessed the disturbances at the seat of government in the Lower Province, which he describes, albeit rather in a newspaper style. We are more interested when, quitting these noisy details, he takes us among the Ottawa fountains, the balsam-scented woods, the lakes and hunting grounds, so strongly contrasting, he tells us, with the Damara deserts of Africa, where he formerly wandered. And what of those former wanderings, which might have contributed a few original passages to these somewhat commonplace volumes? Sir James appears to have a zest for wild adventure, being never so enthusiastic or so genial as when he gossips about the red deer of Virginia, the James and Wesson rifles, the Kentucky "dodge," the shadowy corners of lakes, early breakfasts, and night bivouacs among immemorial forests and silent waters, where the stag lies down to cool itself among the lilies, and the roving fishers go out to seek their food by torchlight. At an upper settlement on the Chateauguay river he found a little offshoot of civilization, and heard a funeral sermon from a pastor attired in a green coat, red sash, and blue gloves, who broke off his discourse to give an order about the stove, and amid much simple matter concerning Brother Miles and the little boy Bink, who was killed by a sheep, said—"Did you ever ask a mother if she ever gathered flowers that were half so fragrant as a child's caress?" Another oratorical exercitation reported by Sir James Alexander was by Barnum, the exhibitor of Jenny Lind, Tom Thumb, the Feejee Mermaid, Santa Anna's leg, and the Woolly Horse. "He is a Connecticut man; in appearance he is tall and robust, with a round head, square face, short nose, an intelligent but severe expression, hair not lanky, but cut even all round the head." After this fashion did the philippic proceed:—

"Moral suasion is like a big lubberly boy, who was crying, at the top of his voice, in the street, and he was asked 'what is the matter with ye?' 'I want to be pacified,' said he, 'I want mother to come and pacify me,' so it is with moral suasion, to pacify people, but it can't do it. The Maine Law says, 'you must not sell liquor though you may have it in your cellar,' and some tried to frighten folks with Maine Law, but it won't do. It was like an old woman who was coming from church, and she met a man dressed up with horns sticking out of his head and a tail, and he cried 'Bo!' the old woman was credulous but also religious, and

she said:—'Who are you?' And he answered, 'I am the devil!'—'You're a poor critter,' said she."

Among the sketches of travelling adventure we find an illustration of New World Sparta-

anism:—"We slept very comfortably at an hotel, at Three Rivers; then up by times next morning, and off in waggons and caleshes over a road roughened with the wheels of charcoal carts, then got into a large canoe, and paddled 'up stream' to the bottom of the Falls, where the river rushed round a large wooded island, and dashed with great noise, and amidst clouds of spray, over black rocks of fantastic shape into a vast caldron of unknown depth. Years ago, an incident of a tragic nature took place at these Falls. Part of a tribe of Indians was descending the St. Maurice, in several canoes, intending to stop above the Falls and make a portage round them. As they drew near, the chief, in the leading canoe, observed the banks lined with the warriors of a hostile tribe waiting in ambush to surprise and overpower them. Standing up in his canoe he pointed with his paddle to the bush, and then down the stream to the cataract, his people understood his meaning, 'better to perish in the thunder of waters than by the scalping knife and tomahawk of their foes,' and the whole, without hesitation, glided down the rapids, and perished amidst the thundering waters of the Great Shewegagan."

With a report of a dialogue between a New Englander and a widow in a railway car, we will dismiss Sir James's book of chat:—

"There were few passengers going east in the car with me, which was calculated to hold fifty. Elsewhere under similar circumstances, a down-east Yankee, lean and tall, was travelling, and seated behind a widow, after several efforts 'he caught her eye'—and addressed her.—'In affliction?'—'Yes, sir,' she replied.—'Parents—father or mother?'—'No, sir.'—'Child p'raps, a boy or girl?'—'No, sir, not a child,' she answered, 'I have no children.'—'Husband then 'xpect?'—'Yes,' was the short reply.—'Hum—cholery? a tradin' man, mebbe?'—'My husband was a seafaring man, the captain of a vessel, he didn't die of cholera, he was drowned!'—'Oh! drowned, eh?' cried the other, and after a moment's consideration, he continued, 'save his chist?'—'Yes, the vessel was saved and my husband's effects.'—'Was they?' said the interrogator, his eye brightening, 'pious man?'—'He was a member of the Methodist Church.'—'Don't you think you got great cause to be thankful that he was a pious man, and saved his chist?'—'I do,' said the widow abruptly, and looked out of the window. For the last time, the Yankee returned to the attack, and leaning over the back of the seat, he said confidentially, 'Was you calc'latin' to get married again?'—'Sir,' said the widow, 'you are impertinent!' and moved to the other side of the car. 'Pears to be a little huffy,' said the bore, turning to a passenger behind him, 'she needn't be mad, I didn't want to hurt her feelings,—what did they make you pay for that unbere you got in your hand?'"

The second volume, principally descriptive of the Siege of Sebastopol, is of mediocre interest.

History of the French Revolution—[Histoire de la Révolution, &c.] By Louis Blanc. Vol. IX. (Paris, Langlois & Leclercq.)

THE war in La Vendée, the insurrection at Lyons, the approach and repulse of the coalesced armies, the assassination of Marat, and the execution of Marie-Antoinette form the principal episodes in this new volume—the last but one of M. Louis Blanc's History. There are also chapters on the debates which preceded the establishment of the Constitution of 1793, on the educational labours of the Republic, on the necrology of the Revolution, and on the remarkable moral and social doctrines, the representatives of which formed themselves into a school and took their name from Hebert. M. Louis Blanc has relied as much upon manuscripts as upon printed documents, having

explored the valuable collections in the British Museum, and having been entrusted with some unpublished memoirs, of highly important and curious character, on the Vendéan civil war. The colour of the narrative is materially affected by these additional testimonies, which invalidate altogether many of the old and vulgar interpretations of the events which, during the revolutionary era, startled and shocked the world. Thus, it is clearly made out that Charlotte Corday, instead of being a willing sacrifice, intended to escape after murdering Marat,—that the Lyonnese Republicans did not set the example of political vengeance,—that the Convention exerted itself to save the life of Chaumette,—that Couthon was long opposed to the inauguration of Terror,—that no evidence whatever is in existence to prove the treason of Philippe Egalité,—that the earliest menaces of the guillotine were not Montagnard, but Girondist,—and that Chaumette, instead of being the brutalized disciple of the *Père Duchesne*, simply identified his cause with that of Hebert, while he incessantly sought to improve public morality and manners, and in particular to abolish the practice of whipping children at school. Containing as it does so much that is original, and so clear, calm, and impartial a view of the French Revolution, we hope to see this admirable work translated into English, for we have certainly in our own language nothing approaching it in completeness, accuracy, or candour. An epitome for popular circulation would be invaluable.

Perhaps the most brilliant passage in the volume is that descriptive of Marat's fate. M. Louis Blanc is careful to add a fervid denunciation of the crime of political assassination,—a crime which has been dangerously sanctioned in our own day by the revival of Cantillon's pension. The story opens with the discourse in which St.-Just, of the "icy lips," impeached the Gironde as having incited the people to civil war, plotted the murder of the Montagnards, and conspired to place the son of Louis Capet upon the throne. While this peril was gathering around the Gironde, there was living at Caen a young girl with a quiet and gentle face, eyes of an uncertain blue, and a voice soft and weak as that of a child. This was Charlotte Corday, a descendant of Corneille, and she occupied herself with the study of Rousseau and Raynal. There is no ground, as M. Louis Blanc shows, for the belief that Charlotte was haunted by a desire to avenge the death of Belzunce or Boissugau de Maingré, of whom one or the other, as the poetical hypotheses vary, had been loved by her. It was to Barbaroux that she applied when the Girondists were at Caen for letters of introduction to Marat at Paris. Petion joked "the fair aristocrat who had come to look at Republicans," and she answered him, "You judge me without knowing me, citizen Petion; one day you will know what I am." Her career of falsehood began at home. She declared her intention of visiting England, and took the road to Paris. There she prevaricated continually, and advanced not a single step towards her purpose without the aid of a lie. It was by treachery that she obtained her fatal interview with Marat. From her prison she wrote falsely to her father, that she had wished to die unknown, whereas she had carefully brought with her from Caen her certificate of baptism, which was found upon her person when searched. Never was hypocrisy more flagrant than that of her second letter to Marat:—

"I wrote to you this morning, Marat; have you received my letter? I cannot believe it, since I was denied admission through your door. I hope that to-morrow you will grant me an interview.

I repeat I have come from Caen. I have to reveal to you secrets of which it is important for the welfare of the Republic you should know. Moreover, I am persecuted in the cause of liberty; I am unfortunate. It suffices that I am so, to give me a claim to your protection.

Upon the remark being made that this plan of introducing herself to her victim savoured of perfidy, she replied, according to the official report, "What matters it that Marat showed himself humane to me, if he was a monster to others?" but according to Chauveau de la Garde, her advocate, "I confess that the expedient was unworthy of me, but even expediency is allowable in the cause of your country." Mark how history is written! Barante, Michelet, and Thiers omit to mention this profession of faith, while M. Lamartine has it thus: "It was necessary to appear to esteem him in order to approach them"! Taken back to her prison, Charlotte Corday had written only three or four lines when the door opened, and the executioner entered. Upon being stripped, clothed in the red chemise of the assassin, and placed in the cart, she grew pale, and then blushed with anger. When her head had been struck off and was held up to the gaze of the people, the face, says M. Louis Blanc, appeared "of perfect beauty." A ruffianly assistant of the guillotine slapped it on the cheek. The populace fancied that another blush mantled over the dead countenance; they groaned aloud, and the wretch, being hurried to prison, was publicly and severely punished.

In his account of the defensive campaign of 1793, M. Louis Blanc has been aided by the inedited Memoirs of Marshal Jourdan, which he describes as "inestimable." It is a singular fact that they have remained in manuscript. France, in the month of May of that year, had about 400,000 men under arms; but legions of enemies were advancing from the North, on the Rhine, on the Alps, and the Pyrenees,—the Duke of York with his 20,000 Austrians and Hanoverians, the Prince of Cobourg with his 53,000, the Prince of Orange with 15,000, and the Prince of Hohenlohe with 30,000, in addition to 84,000 on the Eastern frontier, and other armies massed upon other lines. But, as M. Louis Blanc thinks, with the exception of Pitt, not any of the coalesced statesmen were equal to the exigencies of that gigantic crisis. Kaunitz, however, had been the soul of the coalition. "Kaunitz was a man of tall stature, with blue eyes, and a complexion as white as milk. He wore a remarkable wig, innumerable curls of which fell in zigzags over his forehead so as to conceal its wrinkles. He seems to have been the inventor of that art of powdering the hair, practised with so much refinement by the famous Prince de Ligne, who, it is said, "when he made his toilette ordered his servants to form in a double row, one with white powder, another with blue, a third with yellow, and when he made a parting to throw in each in proper proportions, until the combination was perfect." Here is a contrasting portrait sketched in the Republican camp—that of Merlin de Thionville.—

Merlin had studied in the College of St-Sulpice, and then leaving cassock and breviary, commenced a career at the bar; but nature had formed him a soldier. At the defence of Mayence he displayed a gallantry which astonished even Kleber,—that Kleber who, from his height, his countenance, his march, his gestures, might have been saluted by an ancient as the God of War. To point guns, to head sorties, to caracole in the front of the troops in the uniform of a hussar, were the favourite amusements of Merlin, who was so terrible in battle that the Germans called him "The Fire Devil."

Meanwhile, Lyons was in insurrection, and

La Vendée in flames; but the spirit of the nation rose above disaster. A poor vinegar seller of Angers, named Guadin, having only his son to offer to his country, sent him to serve with the army of the north. Seized with an irresistible desire to see his aged father, the young man quitted his regiment without leave, and, arrived, knocked at the door of his house. "Who is there?" cried the old man. "Your son."—"You lie! My son is on the frontier fighting the enemy. I shall not open the door." Around France invasion, in her centre civil war! The Convention went fiercely to work, decreeing the trial of the Queen, and a hundred other measures of vengeance and safety, besides denouncing "to all nations, and even to the English nation, the cowardly, perfidious, and atrocious conduct of the British Government, which employs assassination, poison, and incendiarism, to secure the triumph of tyranny and the annihilation of the rights of men." Garnier proposed a decree authorizing any Frenchman to assassinate Pitt. Couthon resisted the idea, and the Assembly contented itself with declaring that Pitt was the enemy of the human race. These tragical declamations may have been natural, but they were irrelevant and superfluous. However, M. Louis Blanc's chapter, entitled 'The Supreme Effort,' presents a magnificent picture of national energy, and cannot be read without emotion. 'The Coalition Repulsed' is written with rare vigour.

M. Louis Blanc passes from the struggle in La Vendée to the trial and execution of Marie-Antoinette, noticing every point of interest in the proceedings:—

"Your name?" asked the President. She answered, "Marie - Antoinette, of Lorraine, of Austria."—"Your condition?"—"I am the widow of Louis Capet, formerly King of the French."—"Your age?"—"Thirty-eight." Thus she pretended to accept the name of Capet, which, more than any one else, she knew to imply an insult.

The execution is rapidly described.—

Marie-Antoinette had hoped that they would conduct her to her punishment in a carriage, as was done with Louis the Sixteenth. She trembled at the sight of the car which awaited her. On this car, unprovided even with hay or straw, was a plank serving as a seat, with a footstool behind it, and in front a powerful horse and a man of sinister aspect. The streets were lined with soldiers. The gate opened, the queen advanced, pale but haughty. Samson followed, holding the end of a strong cord which bound the arms of the royal condemned behind her. He took evident pains to keep this loose. His assistant placed himself in the bottom of the cart, he himself remained nearer the Queen, but standing, with a three-cornered hat in his hand. The day on which Marie-Antoinette, about to marry the Dauphin, made her public entry into the capital had been for the youthful princess a series of incessant triumphs. She glittered with beauty and grace. The brilliant chariot which carried her with difficulty moved through the multitudes of people, who could not sufficiently see, admire, and bless her. Marshal Brissac, Governor of Paris, met and addressed her, "Madame, you have before your eyes two hundred people who love you." That was in 1770. The car moved on without a cry or a murmur being heard. A white skirt outside, a black one beneath it, a white vest, black wristbands, a white muslin handkerchief, and a bonnet trimmed with black ribbons formed the costume of the Queen. She wore her hair cut close under the bonnet, her cheeks were flushed, her eyes suffused, her eyelids motionless. Her countenance betrayed neither dejection nor fear. She spoke but little to the priest who accompanied her in the dress of a layman. She suffered herself to be conducted with apparent indifference through the long lines of soldiers stationed in the streets; but in the Rue du Roule, and the Rue St-Honoré, she seemed to glance with interest at the tricoloured flags floating above the houses. Although

the actor Grammont, brandishing a sabre and raising himself in his stirrups, endeavoured to stimulate the ferocity of the crowd by ribald invectives, the people remained silent, whether from apathy, compassion, or shame. Only a few cries of "*Vive la République*" were uttered here and there; there was some clapping of hands when the car arrived opposite St-Roch, the steps of which were covered with spectators. While passing near the Palais Royal, Marie-Antoinette cast her eyes with animation upon that abode of her enemy. The sight of the Tuileries seemed to excite other though less intense emotions. While ascending the steps of the scaffold she accidentally trod on the foot of the executioner, upon which she said, "Pardon me, sir, I did not mean it." At a quarter past twelve her head fell, and was shown to the crowd amid cries of "*Vive la République*!"

M. Louis Blanc allows himself to offer homage to the beauty of Marie-Antoinette, and, at her death, seems to forget some incidents of her life which he has himself recorded.

The Course of True Love never did Run Smooth. By Charles Reade. (Bentley.)

Tubal Cain, we may well believe, not only forged iron bars, but manufactured nails. Homer, as is very well known, is the author of the 'Battle of the Frogs and Mice,' as well as of the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey.' Henri Quatre, when sated with glory, tired of Gabrielle, and weary of statesmanship, went on all-fours and carried his children on his back. Charles Young, after playing Macbeth, sang Macbeth. Edmund Kean enacted Sylvester Daggerwood after he had electrified the house with lightning-flash interpretations of Shakspeare; and, as Tom in 'The Waterman,' trilled "Farewell my trim-built wherry," after he had enthralled his audience by his higher efforts of genius. Finally, as regards the number of our illustrations, though not of our power of producing many more, there is a tradition that one of our Peers, at the termination of one of those sessions which occasionally exhaust their Lordships, sat down with the resolution of producing a very popular story, and accomplished that on which he had determined by completing in five-and-twenty minutes—the eventful and renowned story of 'Cock Robin.'

Even so, Mr. Reade, after executing the labour, and receiving due guerdon for the one tale in three volumes which established his name, now does light summer service by presenting to his readers one volume with three tales. The name of the work is printed above.

The title, however, is applicable to the first story only, the other tales having headings of their own. We, of course, shall not spoil the reader's interest in the narrative by unfolding the plot. We will confine ourselves to remarking that, as in Mr. Reade's last work, he selected a couple of social subjects for the foundation of a matter-of-fact romance, wherein he illustrated the maxim that "It is never too late to mend,"—so now has he chosen a social subject, one that may be said to have been popular, in the sense of its being commonly discussed rather than of having found general favour, and therein he professes to show, in a certainly novel way, that "The course of true love never did run smooth."

The author winds up his story by criticizing it. "Lads and lasses!" he says, "this trifle is, what I have called it, a *jeu d'esprit*, written for your amusement, and not intended to improve you, instruct you, or elevate your morals." Mr. Reade means that he is here only the pleasant story-teller, and not like that didactic poet, the late Mr. Hudson, the chorus to one of whose songs, which, by the way, taught nothing, was "Tol de rol; there's a moral behind!" Mr.

Reade, we may add, tells his story in his usual sparkling manner; he, so to speak, *pitch*es short paragraphs at you, in which there are humour and originality, and sometimes great truths. Now and then he is pleasantly impertinent, and throughout he manifests his usual dislike of punctuation generally, and his inexplicable hatred of commas in particular.

Though we will not touch the web, we may show a few of its threads.—

"Certainly a landed estate is 'an animal with its mouth always open.' But compare the physical perception and enjoyment of landed wealth with that of consols and securities. Can I get me rosy cheeks, health, and good humour, riding up and down my Peruvian bonds: can I go out shooting upon my parchment, or in summer sit under the shadow of my mortgage deed, and bob for commas and troll for semicolons in my river of ink that meanders through my meadow of sheep-skin? Wherefore I really think land will always tempt even the knowing ones, until some vital change shall take place in society: for instance, till the globe makes its exit in smoke and the blue curtain comes down on the Creation."

Here is a glimpse of the blooming heroine:—

"Miss Courtenay combined two qualities which are generally seen in opposition, beauty and wit. On her wit, however, she had latterly cast some doubt by a trick she had fallen into. She had been detected thinking for herself. Ay, more than once. This came of being left an orphan, poor thing: she had no one to warn her, day by day, against this habit, which is said always to lead her sex into trouble when they venture upon it: luckily they don't do it very often. Wealth, wit, and beauty, meeting with young blood were enough to spoil a character; all they had done in this case, was to give her a more decided one than most young ladies of her age have, or could carry without spilling."

And here is, not a glance at the hero, but a touch nicely defining the characteristics of an Irishman, and the pleasant impertinence of the author:—

"Handsome, gay, and though not varnished, polished, he was as charming a companion as either a man or woman could desire. He was as fond of men as Englishmen are of women, and as fond of the ladies, as an Englishman is of adulterated wine. Mr. Fitzpatrick had been for some time puzzled when he loved most, Harriet Seymour or Caroline Courtenay: but last week he had decided in favour of the latter; without prejudice to the former."

Mr. Reade utters some agreeable nonsense on important questions generally, but there is none of it so completely unfounded as the following:

"Mobs in fustian jackets without a single polysyllable to their tongues, find all the gold and all the coal that is found; and science finds the crustaceaniduncule."

He is more to our taste in a sermon on stones and stone-breakers.—

"Politics, love, theology, art, are full of thorns; but when you see a man perched like a crow on a rock chipping it, you see a happy dog. You who are on the look out for beauty, find irregular features or lack lustre dolls—you who love wit are brained with puns or ill nature, the two forms of wit that exist out of books. But the hammerist can jump out of his gig at any turn of the road and find that which his soul desires—the meanest stone a boy throws at a robin is millions of years older than the Farnese Hercules, and has a history as well as a sermon. Stones are curious things. If a man is paid for breaking them, he is wretched; but if he can bring his mind to do it gratis he is at the summit of content! With these men life is a felicitous dream—they are not subject to low spirits like other men; they smile away their human day; and when they see to die they don't seem to mind so very much. Can they take anything easy by giving it one of their hard names—is the grave to them a cretaceous, or argillaceous, or ferruginous bed, I beg their pardon—stratum? No! It is

because their hobbies have been innocent: and other men's hobbies are so apt to be vicious. These have broken stones while egotists have been breaking human hearts."

As we close this volume, with its triad of tales, our eye is attracted by the cover, which displays a graceful work of Art, in the figure of Miss Courtenay, by Mr. Forester (Alfred Crowquill). This alone is worth the price of the volume which it so exquisitely decorates.

The Life of Alexander Pope. Including Extracts from his Correspondence. By Robert Carruthers. Second Edition, revised and considerably enlarged. With numerous Engravings on Wood. (Bohn.)

Mr. Carruthers's 'Life of Pope' appeared opportunely and inopportunately—opportunities to gratify a revived taste, inopportunities inasmuch as, from the literary research then active, it was certain, in a short time, to be superseded. It was the embodiment of an old tradition—a pleasant popular narrative, nothing more. It is already superseded: for this second edition differs so materially from the former that it must be considered as a new work.

Mr. Carruthers is a sensible man, who makes no pretensions to infallibility. When some of his statements were questioned in this journal, he replied modestly that he was in error; adding truly, by way of apology, that more authentic information regarding the literary and personal history of Pope had transpired within the last few years than had been accumulated during the previous century; and he is now pleased to add—"the *Athenæum* has proved a perfect mine of unprinted materials for illustrating the biography of Pope." This information, and these materials, so far as required, Mr. Carruthers has introduced into this new edition; with additions of his own. One incident is of especial interest:—

"An episode of a tender nature was interposed amidst the labours of annotation and translation. In the autumn of 1722, Pope commenced a correspondence with a young lady whose name has not hitherto transpired. A series of twelve letters, written in the poet's most complimentary and admiring strain, was published by Dodsley in 1769, printed from the originals. The lady to whom they were addressed appeared to reside in Hertfordshire; she occasionally wrote verses, and was intimate with Mrs. Howard. She sat for her portrait as one of Jervas's shepherdesses or Kneller's beauties; and Pope (who had, he said, been 'so mad with the idea of her as to steal the picture and pass whole days in sitting before it!') was ready with a poetical offering:—

Though sprightly SAPPHO force our love and praise,
A softer wonder my pleas'd soul surveys,
The mild ERINNA blushing in her bays!
So while the sun's broad beam yet sobers the sight,
All mild appears the moon's more sober light;
Serene in virgin majesty she shines,
And, unobserv'd, the glaring sun declines."

Pope suggested literary subjects to his correspondent—amongst others, a fairy tale—which, however, she was prevented from attempting by the death of some great and good man, whose demise, Pope said,—

"must affect every admirer and well-wisher of honour and virtue in the nation." This reference to the death of the young lady's relative, joined to the dates and localities mentioned in the correspondence, furnish a clue to the names of the parties: and we have no doubt that the 'great and good man' was the Lord Chancellor Cowper, who died on the 10th of October, 1733; and that the lady was Lord Cowper's niece, Judith Cowper (afterwards Mrs. Madan), only daughter of Spencer Cowper, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas. Pope's eulogium on the lady's illustrious kinsman—though all the Cowpers were Whigs—was appropriate even from him, when we remember that Lord Cowper had generously opposed the banishment of Atterbury and the bill for

taxing the Roman Catholics—events nearly contemporaneous with the date of this correspondence. The poet afterwards, in one of his *Imitations of Horace* (Ep. ii. book ii.), alluded in a complimentary style to Cowper's 'manner,' or deportment, which was remarkable for grace and dignity. Judith Cowper came of a poetical race, and she early began to write verses. She is mentioned by Hayley as having 'at the age of eighteen discovered a striking talent for poetry in the praise of her contemporary poets, Pope and Hughes.' This refers to a piece entitled 'The Progress of Poetry,' in which she characterizes Pope in a strain of unmingled eulogium:—

High on the radiant list see Pope appears,
With all the fire of youth and strength of years.
Where'er supreme he points the nervous line,
Nature and art in bright conjunction shine.
How just the turns, how regular the draught,
How smooth the language, how refined the thought!
Secure beneath the shade of early bays,
He dared the thunder of great Homer's lays;
A sacred heat inform'd his heaving breast,
And Homer in his genius stands confess'd:
To heights sublime he rais'd the ponderous lyre,
And our cold isle grew warm with Grecian fire.

Hughes, also commemorated by Judith Cowper, was a protégé of the Lord Chancellor's, and lived some time at Hertfordbury, the seat of the Cowpers. * * The fairy tale which Pope had proposed to his fair correspondent was not attempted, as we have seen, in consequence of the death of her uncle. But there was another and perhaps a stronger cause for declining the task. The last letter in the correspondence (misplaced in the printed arrangement) is dated November 9th; and in less than a month from this time, on the 7th of December, 1723, Miss Cowper was married to Martin Madan, afterwards Col. Madan, Groom of the Bedchamber to Frederick Prince of Wales, and M.P. for Wotton Bassett. This event seems to have closed the poetry and poetical correspondence of Judith Cowper. There are no more letters to or from Pope, but the lady, her husband, and other members of her family, were among the subscribers to the *Odyssey*. Judith was twenty-one at the period of her marriage, and she survived to the age of seventy-nine. She had many children, including Martin Madan, the famous preacher, and two famous theological writers, whose 'Thelyphthora,' or defence of polygamy, occasioned such grief and scandal to his poetical cousin, William Cowper. Another son died Bishop of Peterborough. Mrs. Madan seems to have been a serious person, though not a devotee, like her daughter, Mrs. Major Cowper, the poet's correspondent. Shortly before her death, we find Cowper writing to John Newton, 'Mrs. Madan is happy; she will be found ripe, fall when she may.' She died in Stafford Row, Westminster, where she had long lived, in December, 1781. One letter of Cowper's to his 'dear aunt' Madan is in his published correspondence. She knew his melancholy story, and must have admired his fine talents, and gentle, affectionate nature. His first volume was in the press at the time of her death. She was a connecting link between two schools of poetry—between the era of Swift and Pope and that of Cowper and Burns. In a few more years, her nephew was to rival if not dethrone her early idol, and was to carry the new faith into almost every English family and English heart."

This is a fairy tale itself—a delightful incident in the Poet's life, for which we are indebted to Mr. Carruthers.

Our acknowledgments are also due to Mr. Carruthers for the new history of Pope's intercourse with the Misses Blount—our especial acknowledgments; for here he had his critics at an advantage. He is, so far as we know, the only man living who has been permitted to examine the Mapledurham MSS.;—an equivocal word therefore might have covered a retreat—even silence would have looked like a triumph. Mr. Carruthers has no such evasions; when he has been in error he acknowledges it—acknowledges, not unfrequently, that he had too confidently relied on others—and the result is that one half of the century-old

slanders are clean gone, and other slanderous inferences are disproved by facts. Roscoe's arithmetical touchstone, which, though not intended, was a rock on which they might seemingly rest secure, is gone—even the letter itself is gone as authority; for it does not exist amongst the Mapledurham MSS., and Mr. Carruthers thinks it probable, and we agree with him, that it never did exist, but was a mere fanciful display of gallantry, written for publication. The story about Pope's "frequent resolution to separate himself from the society of those ladies" is also gone—the dallying with, the supremacy and the deposing of Teresa is gone—the rivalry with, and the consequent implacable hatred of James Moore is gone; and we learn from Mr. Carruthers, as the result of an examination of the letters which passed between James Moore and the Misses Blount, that there is "no indication" in them "of jealousy or hostile feeling"—the early rejection by or of Teresa is gone, for Mr. Carruthers has found proof, as we conjectured, that they were friends up to 1722. The result is, that the history of the acquaintance of the Papes and the Blounts—of the intimacy of the young people—the most interesting event in Pope's life—developes itself as naturally as, under like circumstances, it has done in thousands of families before and since.

Mr. Carruthers, however, though he abandons many of the old stories of the biographers, and of his own first edition, is, unconsciously, not free, we think, from their influence. Thus, he tells us,—

"Although the earliest of the existing letters bearing a date belongs to 1712, it is evident that the Poet had frequently met his fair correspondent and her sister; and judging from the handwriting, at least two other communications are of an earlier date."

We were of opinion that Pope had met the ladies before 1712—probably recalled from Paris by their father's illness in 1710—but that they had "frequently" met—from which great personal intimacy might be inferred—is not, we think, justified by the evidence. Lister Blount, the father, died in June 1710, an event which, according to the usage of the day, would confine those ladies to the seclusion of their homes for a much longer period than it would do now; and in 1712 and 1713 Pope was for a time at variance with the Englefields, as we have shown [*Athen.* 1854, pp. 878, 879]. That there were no frequent meetings—no great intimacy, up to 1712, 1713, is to be inferred from the first letter, the date of which can be proved, 1712, and which begins "Madam"; strengthened by the letter from James Moore to the Misses Blount, dated July 1713, now first published by Mr. Carruthers, wherein he writes: "I was some hours with Mr. Pope yesterday, who has, to use his own words, a mighty respect for the two Miss Blounts." Now we may be reasonably certain that had Pope been long or intimately acquainted with those ladies, James Moore would not have thought such formal civility worth recording and transmitting, for Pope, with his habitual passion of words, would have told them so himself dozens of times, and in a far more gallant spirit. As to the inference from the handwriting, it is a question on which we would not willingly offer an opinion, even if the MSS. were before us. Fortunately the letters have been published, and what, we would ask, was "the piece of humanity" on the part of the ladies referred to in the first of them? What the "calumny" from which Pope suffered? These expressions recall to us the scandal gossip at Whiteknights, about Mrs. Weston in 1713 [*Athen.* 1854, p. 878], the year, and pro-

bably the occasion of, the "mighty respect"; and as to the second letter, Mr. Carruthers was of opinion when he published his first edition that it belonged to a later period, and we see no sufficient reason for the change.

The influence to which we have referred is still more manifest in the following, where, to the flourishes about his intimacy with the maids of honour at Hampton Court, Mr. Carruthers tells us, Pope adds,—

"No lone house in Wales with a mountain and a rookery is more contemplative than this court," and with a touch of pride to make Teresa jealous, "Mrs. Lepell walked with me three or four hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any quality but the King, who gave audience to the Vice-Chamberlain, all alone under the garden wall."

Why here are all the insinuations of the old story concentrated into a paragraph! and we have in illustration a pretty picture of "Pope and Mary Lepell" by moonlight under the garden wall.

Now, the passage here quoted, so far as we know or can know, is from one of Pope's letters published in 1735. But Mr. Carruthers leads us to believe that the original of that letter is amongst the Mapledurham MSS., and dated 13th Sept., 1717. He early (p. 84) quotes from that original in proof of the manner in which Pope altered some letters for publication, and he here again appears to correct the text by it, pronouncing parenthetically in the first edition (*sic orig.*) and now (*sic*),—a difference we do not understand; and yet by the very change implying difference. Did Mr. Carruthers find in that original, dated 13th Sept., 1717, the "touch of pride to make Teresa jealous"? We are fully aware of the disadvantage under which we labour when we raise a question about the Mapledurham MSS., and yet we must hazard the opinion that he did not. The published letter, like so many of the letters published by Pope, is a piece of literary mosaic; and this "touch of pride" was, we suspect, a "touch of poison" inserted on publication. Mary Lepell, in 1735, was the wife of Lord Hervey; and if there were anything equivocal in these moonlight meetings—so equivocal as to make Teresa jealous—was it less likely to make a husband jealous, or to cast a shadow over the maiden reputation of the mother of his children? We believe that the only original of that passage is to be found in a letter addressed to Lady M. W. Montagu, another of Pope's enemies, in 1735, whose name was everywhere suppressed.—

"Our gallantry and gaiety have been great sufferers by the rupture of the two Courts here. Scarce any ball, assembly, basset table, or any place where two or three are gathered together. No lone house in Wales with a rookery is more contemplative than Hampton Court. I walked the other day by the moon, and met no creature of any quality but the King, who was giving audience all alone to the birds under the wall."

Not a word in this genuine letter about the moonlight meetings with Mary Lepell; and no account of the dullness of Hampton Court, consequent on the rupture of the two Courts, could have been written on the 13th of September, 1717, for the rupture did not take place until November; but might naturally to Lady Mary; for though the letter to her is without date, it was written after the death of his father, therefore after October, and probably in the spring of 1718.

The whole chapter, indeed, in which we find this "touch of pride" should, we think, be reconsidered.—

"The year 1714 may be considered as marking the commencement of the gayest period of Pope's life. * * His good fortune seems to have transported him into excesses foreign to his real character. He set up for a bon-vivant and rake—

frequented the October Club and gaming-houses—boasted of sitting till two in the morning over burgundy and champagne—and grew ashamed of business. Poor authors, of course, were his special aversion. He sketched plans and architectural designs with Lord Burlington; lounged in the library of Lord Oxford; breakfasted with Craggs; drove about Bushy Park with Lord Halifax; talked of the Spanish war with the chivalrous Mordaunt, Lord Peterborough, the English Amadis; or, in the evening, joined in the learned railway of Arbuthnot. With young Lord Warwick and other beaux esprits he had delicious lobster-nights and tavern gaieties. How different from life in Windsor Forest! At the country seats of Lords Harcourt, Bathurst, and Cobham he was a frequent visitor."

We know that Mr. Carruthers has warrant for much of this in Pope's prose or verse—in the report of his friends or enemies—but neither are to be trusted implicitly nor interpreted literally. Think of any man, and above all of Pope, entering on this rollicking, roystering life—like the Heir of Linne,

Drink and revel every night,
Cards and dice from eve to morn

—just when he entered on a life's labour—the translation of Homer; when, as he himself has told us in a more serious humour than when writing his "Farewell to London," he could not sleep for thinking of his labours, or if he slept he dreamt of them—had such "terrible moments" that "he wished a hundred times that somebody would hang him." Pope rattled away to amuse himself and his friends—exaggerated, as most men do, an occasional excess or any accidental circumstance, precisely because it was accidental and exceptional and ran counter to his nature and habits. It is possible, of course, and even probable, that Pope may have looked in, for a glimpse of life, at a gaming table, but if he were "never known to bet," as acknowledged by Mr. Carruthers in the first edition, he cannot surely be said to have "frequented gaming houses." We doubt even his having "frequented" the October Club. Of course he may have been there, as he may have been at the gaming table, but he did not frequent it, though men of higher rank did so to serve a political purpose. Pope had no political purpose to serve; and the manners, and even the morals, of the club were too coarse for Pope's sensitive nature and delicate tastes; and the club was so rampant in its Toryism as to trouble even the Tory ministry, and not likely, therefore, to have been joined by the young Catholic poet, who, as a Catholic, lived, as he said playfully but painfully, in fear of a constable, just when the protecting Tory Government was overthrown. We doubt, too, whether some of the parties at whose country seats he is here said to have been "a frequent visitor"—Cobham for one—were even known to him for years after, and in 1714 Lord Warwick was a boy of seventeen. Here, again, it is probable that Pope may have met the youth at supper, but we should say, in face of Cibber's anecdote, and of Pope's—

Earl Warwick, make your moan

—that if Pope really indulged in tavern gaieties and delicious lobster nights—Pope's phrase, by-the-bye is "laborious lobster nights" much more expressive, we suspect, of his feeling—with such a boy, Addison had good ground for quarrel never yet alluded to.

In respect to that perplexing difficulty, the annuity to Teresa, we are under obligations to Mr. Carruthers for inquiry and confession. The statement, it appears, does not rest on evidence, but assertion. The sole authority for it is a MS. note by Mr. Lefebvre, the family chaplain, whose words are—

"That Teresa, not Martha, * * was his favourite, and the principal object of his affection, is evident

from a deed of the 10th March, 1717, by which he binds himself in an annuity of Forty Pounds, during the term of six years, * * on condition that the said Teresa should not have married during the said six years, which condition she agreed to. There is a great probability that this agreement was with a view to a connubial settlement."

This, then, is all the information we have on the subject; and, though more than we ever had before, it is wholly unsatisfactory. Assume the existence of the Deed—a Deed—it could not, as it appears to us, have been the grant of an annuity, for the "condition" would not be determined until the expiration of the whole term. There must, therefore, we think, be some error in Mr. Lefebvre's statement.

Mr. Carruthers assumes the existence of the Deed; but as to the "unnatural restriction," as it was called in the first edition, he has changed his opinion. He now thinks it probable that the Deed was "only a delicate mode of assisting Teresa in her altered and limited fortune." It was certainly like Pope to offer pecuniary aid under the assumed circumstances; but the circumstances are assumed. It is true that on the marriage of Michael Blount, Mrs. Blount and her daughters were under the necessity of leaving Mapledurham; but we have no reason to believe that, at that time, their income was insufficient to maintain them in a respectable position. The young ladies lived with their mother, who had, no doubt, a sufficient jointure; their father had bequeathed to them 1,500*l.* a piece; and further, in contemplation, we suppose of their leaving Mapledurham, an additional 1,000*l.* to be paid by their brother on his marriage. Subsequently, indeed, after the South Sea project, they, like most other people, were hampered for ready money; but it was still later before they were in difficulties. There are reasons which lead us to believe that about 1717 the Misses Blount had money lying idle which Pope sought to invest for them. After all, and assuming all—the Deed, the "unnatural restriction," and the pecuniary difficulties,—Mr. Carruthers's new version does not, in the slightest degree, help us over the old difficulty. No matter what were Pope's motives for granting the annuity: what we want is, an explanation as to the "restriction."

We admit the difficulty, but are not, therefore, of necessity to jump to some "unnatural" or immoral conclusion. If, as we are told, Pope was at that very time writing in language of most ardent affection to Lady Mary W. Montagu—if within eight months he announced the death of his father in a note to Martha, "in words which seem to breathe the quittance of grief and love"—why are we, in ignorance of facts, so to interpret this restriction as to assume that it had to do with "a connubial settlement"? It seems to us more probable that the annuity itself may have been granted and the restriction introduced for Pope's own protection and benefit.

It should never be forgotten, in considering all questions that affect Pope, that he was a Catholic—one of a persecuted race, driven at that time to all sorts of double dealing for protection and security. Pope, in 1717, was that, and worse: he had united himself with a fallen political party, some of whom were in prison, others in exile, and all seeking safety in seclusion. Catholics at that time lived in the fear of the law and its confiscations,—property was transferred—settlements were made—bonds given—fictitious debts created to evade the law and its consequences; and the incomes secured to many of the families of those who suffered imprisonment or death were the consequences of these fictions. Pope

had neither wife nor child who could be interposed—his father and mother were too old and too nervous and fearful; but the Blounts might; and if such a Bond were given to the one, we think it probable that Bonds were given to both the ladies. An annuity was as good as a settlement—both equally protected by law. A Catholic in Pope's situation must trust some one; and the extent to which they did trust one another is quite startling. We have seen an opinion, as it is called, given by a Catholic lawyer to a friend in 1715-16, which seems to us to suggest this very resource:—

"The only way to secure our estates, is to make it liable to the payment of just debts, and that being real, and a precedent and prior charge, no subsequent forfeiture can take place of it."

If Pope had any fear of persecution, why should he not take "the only way" to secure something? Such an annuity would be "a precedent and prior charge"; and the "unnatural condition" was required for his protection and her honour; for had she married, the annuity would have become a reality which might have been enforced by her husband. That Pope did not at that time feel himself safe we have proof, for he thus wrote to Martha Blount:—

"I have lately been told that my person is in some danger: and (in any such case) the sum of 1,121*l.* will be left for you in Mr. Gay's hands. I have made that matter secure against accidents."

—And when his friend Edward Blount went abroad, he exhorted the Poet to go with him—"our homes," he said, "must either be left, or be made too narrow for us to turn in."

In brief, we submit for consideration that there is no proof that such a Deed was ever in existence—no proof that if in existence it contained the "unnatural restriction"—and that if both assumptions be received as true, the restrictive clause may be interpreted more easily by reference to the natural than the unnatural.

As to Pope's sudden aversion to poor authors, we do not see that his dearest friend—the one exceptional man from whom he would not part—was particularly rich—

Adieu to all but Gay alone,
Whose soul, sincere and free,
Loves all mankind; but flatters none,
And so may starve with me.

The inference agrees better with the old story than the new—the father's money-box and Pope's consequent early poverty, rather than the freeholds, the annuities, the bonds, and the rents on the Hôtel de Ville.

Considering how strangely he and his predecessors have been mystified and misled, Mr. Carruthers ought, we think, to have been a little more sceptical or critical. Let us take the starting-point of his Memoir—the birthplace of the Poet, in illustration. This is an old and vexed question; and Mr. Carruthers proceeds with all due formality;—marshals the evidence, calls witnesses, deduces conclusions; but, unfortunately, it is the old evidence, and necessarily therefore leads to the old conclusions. Did it never suggest itself to him that the witnesses ought to be subjected to cross-examination? Is he quite sure that under such a process his "Contemporary" might not say it was "near" and not "in" Chesham that Pope was born? Is he quite sure that Ruffhead and Spence would give "the same date and place"? "Lombard Street, on the 21st of May,"—quite sure that Ruffhead does not say "born in London," which agrees with the statement in Jacob's Register, said to have been sanctioned by Pope—with our "Contemporary," who gives reasons for his "near," which may explain why Pope only alluded to the place vaguely, and why neither his mother nor sister ever named it? Mr. Carruthers then refers to the clear and

circumstantial assertion of Spence, that Pope was born "in Lombard Street, at the house which is now one Mr. Morgan's, an apothecary." Did not Mr. Carruthers observe that Spence refers as authority for this to "P. and Hooke," which must mean, that he was writing from memory, and had been told so by Pope or Hooke—one or the other, not both, for Pope's authority on such a point required no confirmation. Does Mr. Carruthers know—in fact he does not—that assuming Spence's note to have been written in 1739, as he states, or any time between 1720 and 1740, there was no Morgan an apothecary residing in Lombard Street? Between those dates there was but one Morgan an apothecary in London:—"William Morgan, son of William Morgan, of St. Martin-in-the-Fields," gentleman, deceased, bound apprentice to Thomas Bruce, of Bow Street, Covent Garden, on the 3rd of June 1707, and sworn and admitted a member of the Apothecaries Company on the 3rd of March 1713. This William Morgan appears to have lived and died in the neighbourhood where he was born, and where he served his apprenticeship,—at any rate, and enough for our present purpose, we find him residing in Exeter Street, in the Strand, in 1737, and there he continued until, as we believe, he died, in 1741. Here then, on the slightest cross-questioning, the old evidence breaks down. We, however, are by no means inclined to deny Mr. Carruthers's conclusions. What we want is such a searching examination that we may rest with some confidence in the Biographer's statement, and this is precisely the point on which Mr. Carruthers disappoints us. Thus, though Spence's note figures in the text, the Bevan tradition has dropped into a note, and the reader is left without aid, or help, or suggestion, or fact to determine its value, which however Mr. Carruthers assumes. That a tradition should tell its story imperfectly is of its very nature and character; but it is not therefore to be dismissed without examination. The house occupied by Morgan, the apothecary, Mr. Carruthers tells us,—

—"would seem to have continued as an apothecary's or druggist's shop" * * it belonged to the well-known William Allen, and he succeeded a Mr. Bevan. * * Mr. Bevan used to relate that in his childhood the house was often visited by persons who came there out of curiosity to see the birthplace of the great poet. Mr. Bevan's memory, were he living, would reach back above a hundred years."

Mr. Bevan's memory, then, were he living, would not have reached back within three quarters of a century of the fact which it was to illustrate; and no matter to what time it had extended, it would not, as we have shown from authentic records, have reached to Morgan, an apothecary, residing in Lombard Street. But though "memory" Bevan halted lamentably, his father and his grandfather might have spoken more intelligibly; and it does happen, as also appears from the books of the Apothecaries Company, that so early as 1719 there was a Sylvanus Bevan an apothecary, and in 1733 a Timothy Bevan an apothecary, and from a list of residences we learn that in 1739 they both lived in Lombard Street. Now we submit, as worth consideration and inquiry, whether Spence, writing from memory, may not have written Morgan instead of Bevan—or whether there may not have been an error in the transcription of Spence's MS. Sylvanus Bevan, it appears, was a remarkable man, and remarkable in a way that makes him of especial interest to us. Franklin, writing to Lord Kames in 1760 about a bust of William Penn, says that when Lord Cobham (Pope's friend) was adorning his garden at Stowe, "Sylvanus

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Bevan, an old Quaker apothecary, remarkable for the notice he takes of countenances, and a knack he has of cutting in ivory, * * set himself to recollect Penn's face, with which he had been well acquainted, and cut a little bust of him." Now Penn was struck with paralysis in 1712; and, though he partially recovered, we doubt whether he ever after visited London. If this be the fact, or anything like the fact, then *Sylvanus* Bevan the apothecary of Lombard Street was a contemporary of Pope's, and he would be a high authority for a tradition, or rather for a circumstance certain to be known to him.

We could proceed in this questioning and cross-questioning fashion, page after page, through Mr. Carruthers's volume; where old stories are recorded, and even illustrated, which seem to us open to reasonable doubt. Thus, there are half-a-dozen different versions about Pope's interview with Dryden, told by half-a-dozen different persons, some of which are dropped out of sight by Mr. Carruthers; others disproved, as in the Wogan story. But there remains the interview itself, thus recorded. Pope, on leaving school,

"was better acquainted with Dryden than with Cicero; and his boyish admiration and curiosity led him to obtain a sight of the living poet. He prevailed upon a friend, according to Warburton, to accompany him to town, and introduce him to Will's Coffee-house. . . . 'I saw Mr. Dryden,' Pope said to Spence, 'when I was about twelve years of age: I remember his face well, for I looked upon him even then with veneration, and observed him very particularly.' He barely saw him, as he said to Wycherley, '*Virgilium tantum vidi*;' but he remembered that he was plump, of a fresh colour, with a down look, and not very conversable."

We are not prepared to accept with unquestioning faith, the statements of Warburton, or Ruffhead, or Spence, or Harte, or any other who reports from memory,—no, nor Pope's letters, nor Pope himself, unless his meaning be clear and without possible equivocation,—the less so when the anecdotes are irreconcilable one with another, and all with common sense. It is possible, of course,—even probable, we think,—that Pope did see Dryden. Dryden and the Papes were Catholics; the shop of the Catholic bookseller, Lewis, Pope's first publisher, was on the ground-floor of Will's Coffee-house, which Dryden daily frequented, and no doubt Dryden occasionally looked in on Lewis, and had a gossip with such of his fellow-sufferers as he might chance to meet there; and amongst others, probably with Pope's schoolmaster—the idle, active, careless, thoughtful and thoughtless Deane, a convert like himself—the *non-socius* of University College, who may have been on some occasion accompanied by the boy Pope; but that the boy Pope ever went literally to the Coffee-house, as here set forth, and was formally introduced to the poet, and presumed on the strength of such interview to pronounce judgment on the venerable man as "*not very conversable*," is beyond all belief. Fortunately, it is not with us a question of belief at all. The "*Virgilium tantum vidi*" must be interpreted by what goes before and after,—"*I was not so happy as to know him [Dryden]: * * had I been born early enough, I must have known and lov'd him.*" Further, Dryden was attacked with erysipelas in December, 1699; and though he partially recovered, it is doubtful whether he was ever after well enough to leave his house, to which he was certainly confined in March and April, and he died on the 1st of May, 1700. Pope then was about eleven years and six months old, when, probably, for the last time, Dryden was outside his own door. Now, Ruffhead, who enlarged on Warburton's brief note, under Warburton's supervision, tells us that Pope went, "at the age of twelve," to reside at Binfield; "in that retreat

he first became acquainted with the writings of Waller, Spenser, and Dryden. . . . From this time he became so enamoured of Dryden's works, he grew impatient to see the author, and at length procured a friend to introduce him to a coffee-house which Dryden frequented," &c.

It cannot be necessary to quote more,—not even Johnson's pleasant speculation on the subject. Here we have the story in detail, with dates; and it appears from it, that Pope did not retire to Binfield until he was twelve years old; and that he first read Dryden after he had retired to Binfield. No wonder, if his introduction were consequent on his admiration, that he found the dead man "not very conversable."

Here, for the present, we shall conclude, as we began, with an acknowledgment that, no matter what may be our critical objections, Mr. Carruthers's '*Life of Pope*' is a great improvement on all preceding memoirs, his own included; and will be most welcomed by those who are best informed.

MINOR MINSTRELS.

Mind's Mirror: Poetical Sketches; with Minor Poems. By M. J. J.—n. (Edinburgh, Hogg.)—It is not often that we have to chronicle the discovery of a new poet; but we have had a glimpse of one in '*Mind's Mirror*' of such singular originality that we feel fairly entitled to cry "*Eureka!*" if for this occasion only. Without any wish to exaggerate, we may assert that such strains as these have not been heard in England for centuries; and it is quite possible that their like may not be heard again. Perhaps we ought not to have classed him with our Minor Minstrels, for he stands alone. The only person that occurs to us in comparison is a character, we think, in Dickens, who, when asked if he played the fiddle, said he had never tried, but he presumed he could. This is our poet's position as an epic writer. The verse is certainly the worst that spasmodic criticism has hitherto spawned, and leaves the writer crowned king of all those who have been struck with the silver shafts of Luna instead of the arrows from Apollo's golden bow. We have long wondered what verse would come to,—and here we may see. In this volume we have only the first book of an epic of considerable magnitude. Although the title be unassuming, the scope of the poem is vast, and the theme is lofty:—nothing less than the Old and New Testament done into rhyme. We have little doubt that our poet considers his *forte* to lie in description; and we need not scruple to say that it does. For example:—

By sense intoxicated to overflow,
Wealth'd dear earth's things, supine will's energies
Succumb, delirium's impassioned hush,
Devotion-bowed unto the potencies,
Do immolate ethereal Being's fire,
Shall cope with angels' loftiest aspire.

—Again:—

Lo! Lightning-Records—fascinate broadening gaze
Of shrinking thought; spells, shuddering word by word,
The intricate, evolves a fearful maze
Of dark delusions, manhood's passions stirred—
Pang, David's bosom.

—A sketch of the Crucifixion is unique:—

Horror: Sun bloods, a broad and fixed, intense
Indignant eye—dead's; terror's pitchy gloom
Envelopes earth, swollen agonies, condense,
Sulphuric fies, uphears its hoven wood.
Steeds backward stagger—numbed, the palsy throes
Starks, shivering fore-limbs, shrunken haunches, pressed,
On trem'lous ground, with glazing eyeballs—glow
Dilated whites, terrific fear impressed.
The bellowing heifers blindly rush—belay
Scared, bleating flocks, demented mobs amass:
The crouching dog, moon's famished disk doth bay,
As vague unearthly things, oncrowding pass.

—Page after page we cannot tell whether our author is swearing awfully or only stuttering mentally, he seems so furiously saying the wrong thing. Listen!—

The coo of dove's dissolving, mellow pout.
Lipped, ribaldries, confirm aspersing haze,
Opines, averments, fix the vulgar gaze.
Around life's total record "abiding pain."
Not deadened moon's profile, wall-eyed.

—It is recorded that Antigonus had his likeness taken in profile because he had but one eye; but

we did not suspect that the moon only showed us one side of her face because she was "wall-eyed."

Phantom shades abroad,
Glooms palpable, Supernal broadhoods,
Splendour's boundless vague. How bright!
Concentric glorious lumines, radiate, show
Stern Beauty contemplate Time's swift up-gliding.

Lo! flame-eyed sun's full blaze
Pales, fleecy cloudlet, horns to cressive moon.
Stars, twinkling, rise in firmament, betrays
Their myriad ardours thrill.

Jehovah's shadow lustrates matter rife
To varying phases.

Radli Lustre brights
A blinding flood, steep, Eden's central heights.
Day's orb, red's blood, moon blacks, awed stars wax pale.
Orbed, pensile brilliance, rays; lone vesper's star.

—We are not misquoting. Each of the above citations is perfect in itself, and we print each as we find it. We are informed that some of the "*Minor Poems*" have appeared in a "*Bengal Annual*." If so, we can only say there is no telling what incitement to insurrection the Bengalese may have found in such proof of the imbecility of the Feringhees.

The Abbey; and other Poems. By T. N. Beasley. (Madden.)—The best feature in these verses is their Pope-like terseness of expression. The worst is the continual use of the personal pronoun, after the manner of Byron. If the author when writing could only forget that there is such a person in existence as T. N. Beasley, he would yet do something worth reading. More interesting than his self-homage is the feeling of the following lines:—

Hail to the bard, whose pure and tender lay
Gives love new life! Hail to the Laureate's bay:
His are the warbling murmurs which constrain
All hearts to love, to love that has no pain.
His are the priceless thoughts in simple dress,
Which crown him Nature's poet, and no less.
What if the love seems wail'd at times in grief,
The fever'd soul in tears will find relief.
No aim of his to catch with bursts of song,
But all the mellow cadence laughs along,
True to his art; her inmost ring to hit;
Not with loose nonsense flared with flaming wit,
But plumed with healing joys that soothe the soul,
His golden arrows fly, and reach the goal.

What if my Pope pursued a sterner course?
Vice felt his wit, and only felt perforce;
For fools, grown rampant in his later days,
Provoked the stinging vengeance of his lays.
But now a second Fielding, strong and true,
Turns the full tide of mirth on Folly's crew;
Gives us the glasses of his rich conceit,
To view our heart's hid lie, and slum the cheat.
In Newcome's death, we kiss the poet's rod,
And bow before a preacher fresh from God.

Orestes and the Avengers: an Hellenic Mystery. By Goronva Camlan. (J. W. Parker & Son.)—Futile as the general run of classical resuscitations, in which aspiration works instead of inspiration, memory has to serve in the place of the creative imagination, and a tendency to dramatic contemplation is mistaken for representative power. As well attempt to re-write '*Lear*,' '*Hamlet*,' or '*Macbeth*.' The minor poems show the author working in a narrower range with greater success. The following stanzas are characteristic in their dreamy sadness of movement and meaning, although "*Hell*" does not represent the Egyptian idea of hereafter even for those who are doomed not to eat of the fruit of life in the blessed regions. The widower is contemplating the fair form of his beautiful wife lying in pale death previous to embalment.—

The Egyptian Widower.

Leave her, oh leave her yet awhile,
Snatch not her beauty from my sight;
Leave her, though faded all her smile,
And perished from her eyes the light.
Not yet would I resign to Hell,
Nor to the chamber of the grave,
The fair one whom I loved so well,
Who to my life its glory gave.

Say not, she ne'er will greet me more,
Nor talk of death's untimely gloom;
I know her spirit walks the shore
Beyond the sea of grief and doom.
But on her form yet linger charms
Which all my spirit bowed of old;
Her dimpled face and rounded arms
Still keep their grace and power untold.
Give yet an interval, I pray,
While I may gaze upon her face;
Give grief and love their little day
To snatch from death its fading grace.

Not till the touch of dull Decey
Has changed her to some nameless thing,
Would I forego my fallen stay,
And feel of Death the utmost sting.
But when in ghastly image drest
She dwells with all our fathers gone,
Then be my helplessness confessed,
And move in woe my footsteps lone;
Then, when the festal crown is wreathed,
Bring me her sad remembrance nigh,
'Mid mirth bid holier thoughts be breathed,
And for the smile awake the sigh.

On seeing the name of "Speranza" attached to *Ugo Bassi: a Tale of the Italian Revolution* (Saunders & Otley), we anticipated that it might be by the lady who once wrote vivid verses filled with fiery feeling in the *Nation*, and that we should find something vigorous. But we were soon undeceived and disappointed. 'Ugo Bassi' offers a theme—one of so many furnished by that land of long-suffering and countless sorrows, which is one of the world's proudest glories and worst shames—that should have made the blood run hot to the heart and crimson to the brow. This, however, is one of those poems that might go on for ever at its cool canter, because it carries so light a weight of feeling; and whether it reach a goal or not, we are perfectly indifferent. — *Andreas: a Tragedy*, by William John Barrett (Sanderson). — *Plutus; or, the Spirit of the Age*, — and *The Maiden Warrior*, by A. S. Lamb (MacLachlan & Stewart), call for no remark, being in no way remarkable. — Mr. Daniel's translated specimens of the *Polish Poems of Rypinski*, are not likely to create much interest. — *Florence de Vere's Eugenie; or, the Spanish Bride* (Ward & Lock), shows a rhyming talent about equal to the production of sweetmeat mottoes. — *The Lady and the Lawyers*, by the same author, is full of farcical funniness.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

St. Eustace; or, the Hundred and One: a Novel. By Vane Ireton St. John. 3 vols. (Newby). — 'St. Eustace' is a historical novel, laid in the time of Louis the Thirteenth, and turns on the struggle of the Huguenot party with the Catholics, — but that is all the historical trace there is to be found. The hero, Armand Dechappelle, is in love with a fair nun, who sorely repents her vows. The Cardinal St. Denis is determined she shall not get out, and Armand equally determined to rescue her. The story reads like a harlequinade. The hero does wonderful things with the easy dexterity of Prof. Anderson. The Cardinal is so clever and so wicked, that it is wonderful how all his plots and plans fall down, like castles of cards, at a touch. And wonderful as a Surrey Theatre single combat is it, that till the very end of the third volume the balance of success is kept accurately suspended, and then harlequin and columbine find each other, and are made happy for the rest of their natural lives. As a specimen of incident, we give the following: — Armand, disguised as a Spanish nobleman, has settled in Paris, and gives a masked ball, to which King Louis the Thirteenth goes in disguise, a disguise in which, of course, he is patent as though he had gone with crown and sceptre. "As Armand and the King were walking up and down the saloon in the interval between two dances, he beheld the Cardinal approach him. As he did so, he saw St. Denis's eyes distend with wonder, and he stopped short. Suddenly he endeavoured to pass by the King, but, by a simple manoeuvre, Dechappelle prevented him. The Cardinal, in his impudent way, whispered in his ear, 'Villain, I have discovered you; you are Armand Dechappelle.' Armand grasped his arm as in a vice, and murmured in his ear, 'If you utter a single word, I will bury this in your heart.' The sight of the brilliant poignard that Dechappelle now drew from his bosom kept the Cardinal's tongue sealed, and, turning to the King, Armand said, 'Excuse me, Sire, for a moment, I have particular business with the Cardinal.' — 'Certainly,' replied the monarch; 'I hope we shall be able to finish our tête-à-tête before I depart.' Dechappelle then took St. Denis's arm and walked away." If the reader wishes to hear how the Cardinal let himself be locked up, and how the King made terms before he could go home himself, let him read, and he will know.

The Refugee: a Novel, founded on Phenological Observations. By Alfred Godwine, Ph.D. (Philadelphia, White; London, Trübner & Co.). — A book written with some cleverness, and a great deal of flippancy, and a self-complacent vanity in still greater proportion. The book would be amusing if the style were less jerking, and with less pretension to smartness. The story, if story it can be called, is extremely sketchy; it purports to be the experiences of a Hungarian refugee, who has got into all his difficulties not by doing wrong, or by committing mortal errors, — no, Heaven forbid! but M. Skreny cannot prosper, go where he will, because he is so much better than everybody else in this best of all possible worlds. The most respectable men become knaves and fools when they appear beside him; and he can succeed in no enterprise because he has the faculty of knocking the bottom out of everything he undertakes, as well as of taking the shine out of everybody he encounters. His rock-a-head through life is represented as being his own honesty, and his indomitable habit of speaking his mind in season and out of season. The story has no conclusion, and apparently the author has taken it up as an excuse to have the conversation all to himself rather than with the view to produce a well-constructed work of fiction.

Recollections of Mrs. Hester Taffetas, Court Milliner and Modiste during the Reign of King George the Third and his Consort, Queen Charlotte. Edited by her Granddaughter. (Knight & Son). — This little book is a collection of anecdotes and family histories, which have all, more or less, the look of having their foundation in real facts. They are extremely well told, though occasionally there is a lack of simplicity, and more sentimental ornament than is desirable; but there is a freshness and reality about the stories which make them very pleasant reading, — and the thread on which they are strung is itself made interesting, the personality of the "Court Milliner" being well maintained throughout without being obtrusive. We should be glad to listen to some more of Mrs. Taffetas' gossiping.

A Cyclopædia of Female Biography, consisting of Sketches of all Women who have been distinguished by great Talents, Strength of Character, Piety, Benevolence, or Moral Virtue of any kind, forming a complete Record of Womanly Excellence and Ability. Edited by Sarah Adams. (Groombridge & Sons). — This title takes away our breath! The necessity of going out into the highways and hedges and "compelling" all women of great talent, strength of character, piety, benevolence, or moral virtue of any kind "to come in," has resulted in a somewhat motley gathering, and the company is what genteelly scrupulous people would call "mixed." Ladies, illustrious and obscure, are found side by side, who would not have spoken to each other in their natural lives. There is a great crowd, and nearly everybody, from the Virgin Mary herself, who has nearly two pages dedicated to her, down to Lady Morgan, in modern times; of course, many are left out who would consider they had a right to a place, and others are there whom their neighbours would declare to have no right whatsoever. But the 'Cyclopædia' is well intended, and if the details are meagre, at least there is evidently a desire to be honest and candid, — and the work is quite as well done as could reasonably be expected.

A Lord of the Creation. By the Author of 'Ethel.' (Edinburgh, Hogg). — This story is, we are told, reprinted from *Titan*. It is a clever, carefully written, though slight story, without much incident, — but that little is delicately and dexterously handled, and the result is an interesting and very readable book. The interest turns on the delineation of the different characters, especially of Vaughan Hesketh, the 'Lord of the Creation,' who gives the title to the book. It is cleverly drawn, and, for the credit of human nature, we should be glad if we could say that it is over-coloured, — but it is true, more is the pity. Caroline Maturin is a charming heroine, — her love for Vaughan, and her spirited good sense, are excellently done. The book is one we cordially welcome.

Books to help tourists along succeed each other somewhat rapidly just now. Harry Hardknott has

republished his pleasant *Rambles in the Lake District*, which originally appeared in the *Liverpool Albion*. Messrs. Simpkin & Marshall have produced a convenient *Guide to Weymouth and its Vicinity*. The latter is refreshing to get to when the sojourner at Weymouth has become half-burnt and nearly breathless. Mr. Sampson, of York, too, has put forth a *Hand-Book* for visitors there and excursionists in the neighbourhood. The compiler, we observe, in describing Goldsborough Hall, states it to be the property of Lord Lascelles, which it is not. It belongs to the Earl of Harwood. He has, too, a droll way of writing. For instance, he mentions "two first-class tradesmen" (*sic*), and calls one a "proprietor" and the other a "propriétaire." What is the difference? Is it as great as the difference between "Institution de Demoiselles" and "Pensionnat de Demoiselles," in France, where the latter term indicates a very inferior degree to the former, whose conductor has carried off the chief honours when under examination? Small makers of small hand-books should be on their guard, like greater men. Here we have a North Wales *vade-mecum* before us, in which the writer tells us that the getting down of a certain mountain is "*facilis descensus*," as Dante says. We cannot dispute the fact, but we do the authority.

The tract, by Mr. A. J. B. Hope, M.P., *On Public Offices and Metropolitan Improvements*, is of special interest. — Among public addresses may be catalogued a speech of the Right Hon. Richard Atkinson upon his inauguration as Lord Mayor of Dublin, — and *A Discourse on the Good and Evil of Political Parties*, by P. R. Kendall, of Virginia. — *Pauper Education* is the subject of a letter from the Rev. S. V. Edwards, B.A., to the Inspector of Schools. — The Rev. John Shepherd contributes to the same discussion *Remarks on the Rev. F. Temple's Scheme of Middle-Class Education*. — Dr. A. Clarke publishes *A Dissertation on the Use and Abuse of Tobacco*, — and "A Middle-Aged Bachelor" *The Comet and its Consequences*.

We need only mention the titles of the following: — *Prospectus of the Metropolitan School of Science applied to Mining and the Arts*, — *The Eleventh Report of the Associate Institution for Improving and Enforcing the Laws for the Protection of Women*, — *Model Schools, a Sketch of their Nature and Objects*, by Mr. P. J. Keenan, — *Work, Fresh Air, and Exercise essential to Health and Happiness*, a lecture, by Dr. C. Radclyffe Hall, — and a sixpenny illustrated tract on *The Great Eastern Steam-ship*. — Mr. John Curwen's *Sketches in Nassau, Baden, and Switzerland* claim a word of favourable notice.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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 Webster's History of the Presbyterian Church in America, 21s. cl.

ON THE HISTORICAL DATES OF EZRA AND NEHEMIAH.

WHILE the difficulties which surround the history and times of the Asiatic rulers under the Jewish Captivity are being considered, sifted, and re-adjusted by the united labours of the eminent and indefatigable inquirers whose researches have already been submitted to the public in the pages of your journal, I will venture to offer a few remarks connected with the subject, to fix attention upon some points of the history which have not been touched in the papers that have appeared. The evidences of the facts I contend for can only be given by references; but every reader who wishes to verify my demonstration will thereby be enabled to do it with ease, so as to satisfy his own judgment whether the historical and chronological combinations those facts entail may be made available to stamp with condemnation the popular chronological system we have been used to follow, and to test the soundness of whatever new arrangement may be proposed in its place.

The leading positions assumed by the system which supplies the dates printed in the headings and margins of our Bibles, are:—

That the 1st year of Nebuchadnezzar, about which time the Jewish Captivity of 70 years begins, is the year fixed by the compilers of Ptolemy's Canon as beginning—Jan. 21, B.C. 604.

That the return of the Captivity is in the year they fix for the 1st of Cyrus, beginning—Jan. 5, B.C. 538.

That the "Artaxerxes, king of Persia" of Ezra and Nehemiah is Artaxerxes Longimanus, whose 1st year begins—Dec. 17, B.C. 465.

The chronological test, by which I propose to try these positions, resides in the fact, that Ezra and Nehemiah not only were both present at the return of the Captivity in the 1st year of Cyrus, but also bore very leading parts in the religious ceremonies of the Restoration. The passages of their history affirming their presence are so obvious, that they were noticed long ago by the authors of some chronological schemes now obsolete; but being found incompatible with the dates forced upon us by the compilers of the Canon, the plain sense of these passages has been evaded by the framers of our current system. The following digest of the facts will show how far the truth of Sacred History has been thus tampered with, to accommodate the theories of men:—

Ezra is named in a list of Priests among those who came back with Zerubbabel and Jeshua, (Neh. xii. 1). Nehemiah is named in Ezra's list of the chiefs of the Captives "which came with Zerubbabel" under the decree of Cyrus, (Ezra ii. 1, 2). And Nehemiah sanctions Ezra's statement, by repeating it in his own duplicate of the document (ch. vii. 5. *et seq.*) with the prefatory remark that it is "the register of those who came up at the first." This document introduces an explanatory account of the same transactions as Ezra's brief narrative. We cannot set aside the significance of Ezra's statement by deferring to a later period the proceedings he relates, viz., the opening of the Religious year on the 1st day of the 7th civil month (Nisan or Abib) with the installation of the high-priest Jeshua, the restoration of the national worship, and—*nota bene*—the celebration of the Feast of Tabernacles in its season, "as it is written."—for all this, according to Ezra, took place when "the foundation of the Temple was not yet laid." It was laid in the second year (ch. iii. to v. 8).

Nehemiah's parallel narrative (ch. vi. 6. to xi), when referred to this its right order in time, becomes an invaluable illustration of the history, by its telling us what Ezra omits, the distinguished

part borne by Ezra himself on that solemn occasion, as chief teacher and interpreter of the law to the people. The plea of *alibi* is thus barred against Ezra, as effectually as against Nehemiah; the latter even informs us, in that narrative, that he is the *Tirshatha* (appointed ruler) who restrained the ardour of the people from beginning the sacrifices until Jeshua was formally installed (ch. vii. 65), who assisted Ezra in carrying the prescriptions of the Law into effect (ch. viii. 9), whose name, "Nehemiah, the Tirshatha, the son of Hachaliah," heads the list of those who ratified by a sealed covenant their public oath to observe and uphold that Law (ch. x. 1). And the identity of the transactions in the two narratives, which is the point I contend for, is proved by the remark Nehemiah subjoins to his relation of the Feast of Tabernacles (ch. viii. 13—18), how, through Ezra's reading and expounding the Law, the people learnt that it was written "that they should dwell in booths in the feast of the seventh month,"—how "the people went forth and brought boughs, and made themselves booths,"—"for," adds Nehemiah, "since the days of Joshua the son of Nun, unto that day, had not the children of Israel done so." Now, as Ezra testifies that they had celebrated the Feast of Tabernacles, "as it is written," at the return of the Captivity, in the 7th month of the first year, before the foundation of the Temple was laid; it follows that unless the celebration related by Nehemiah were that very one, it could not have been what he avers it was—the first Feast of Tabernacles that had been kept "as it is written"—*i. e.*, according to the forms of the Mosaic Law—"since the days of Joshua the son of Nun."

The high responsibility and authority of the duties laid on Ezra and Nehemiah at this important national era, further suggest that they could not be very young men at the time. This is borne out, as regards Ezra, by what we know of his parentage. His father, the high-priest Seraiah, and his elder brother Jozadak, had both been carried into captivity at the destruction of the Temple by Nebuzaradan, 52 years before. (Conf. 2 Kings xxv. 18; 1 Chron. vi. 15). Ezra's nephew, Jeshua, the son of Jozadak, was officiating as high-priest, for which the law ordains that he should be not under thirty years of age. The exceptional cases, in which an uncle may be his nephew's junior, can hardly be pleaded in this instance, considering that the chiefs and elders and Levites had chosen Ezra as the most learned among their priests and scribes in the language of their fathers to expound the law in public.

Now what ensues from combining the historical facts in their order of occurrence according to the Bible, with the dates fixed to them according to our common chronology?

Ezra being, say 40 years of age in the 1st of Cyrus, B.C. 538, we have him in the 7th of Artaxerxes, B.C. 459—8 (Ezra ix. 3), venting his grief and indignation at the breach of covenant and profanation of the priesthood, by "plucking out the hair of his head and his beard." A man upwards of 120 years old has not many spare locks to devote to such demonstrations! We are reminded of Wordsworth's *recontre*—

I saw before me, unawares,
 The oldest man that ever wore grey hairs.

All his faculties are as indestructible as his *chevelure*, since we find him still extant 14 years later—in the 22nd year of Artaxerxes—at the dedication of the wall of Jerusalem, rebuilt in 52 days under the auspices of a Nehemiah whose humanity seems equally exempt from the law of decay; for on this occasion they both march in procession round the wall to the Temple, Ezra leading one band of trumpeters and harpers, Nehemiah following the other (Neh. xii. 35, 38). After all this, Nehemiah continues 12 years Governor of Judea—no sinecure post by his own account—and then, although rather superannuated, so far from worn out by toils and tribulations, and the persecutions of Sanballat the Horonite, Tobiah the Ammonite, and Geshem the Arabian, that in the 32nd year of Artaxerxes he returns to his royal master's Court—*et al.* 150 or thereabouts—to ask leave to go back again to Jerusalem!

Such incongruous results could scarcely escape the notice of the framers of our chronological system;

but what was to be done? if the date they fixed for Cyrus and the Restoration could not be moved, and that of the reign of Artaxerxes Longimanus could not be moved, how were they to get off the horns of this dilemma?

"Voulez-vous être invincible dans votre argument? n'iez l'évidence!" advises a sarcastic French philosopher. So our chronologists were driven to explain away the presence of Nehemiah and Ezra at the Restoration, by supposing dislocations of the narrative or transpositions of fragments of the original texts that affirm it. This, however, cannot serve to sustain their position. The portion of text on which my argument rests (ch. i. ii. and iii. of Ezra) is free from break, either in the narrative or the text; his account is too concise and consecutive for the reader to confuse its parts; his dates are too clear to permit a doubt as to the succession of events, and the time to which they are referable—*i. e.*, the Return of the Captivity "at the first." Nehemiah, on the contrary, recounts two distinct histories, of which the second is retrospective. The first, his personal mission, in the 20th year of Artaxerxes, to restore the walls of Jerusalem, is complete at ch. vii. 4. The census of the population he then proposes taking, is the occasion for introducing the second (v. 5), and having copied "the register of those who came at the first," he proceeds to report their doings up to the great Convocation and day of fasting, humiliation and confession, held as soon as the Tabernacles were over, "on the 24th day of that month," says Nehemiah, ix. 1. This solemnity closes with the oath and covenant of the chiefs of the nation to observe and uphold the law. On that occasion Jeshua was the officiating high-priest, but at Nehemiah's coming to Jerusalem with the decree of Artaxerxes, and at the dedication of the wall, Eliashib, grandson of Jeshua, ministered; (conf. Neh. iii. 1. 20). There is time for two generations of men between the first Feast of Tabernacles and Sealing of the Covenant, and the rebuilding and dedication of the wall. Yet our chronologists and commentators can only hide the rottenness of their scheme from their own eyes by dating the whole B.C. 446, in the year after that of Nehemiah's mission, as if the Feast of Tabernacles and the Covenant were part of the ceremonies at the dedication of the wall. Thus they profess to illustrate Sacred History by founding upon such a gross anachronism the very consistent story, that the Jewish captives had been restored to their land 93 years since the 1st of Cyrus, B.C. 538, and the Temple had been rebuilt 71 years since the 6th of Darius, B.C. 516, before the people had so much as learnt from Ezra's interpretations of the law what the religious obligations of that law were, and had covenanted to fulfil them. *Credat Judeus!* No wonder Jewish commentators, who do study the sacred text, spurn such a chronology as that; and if the alternative must be to reject Ptolemy's Canon in the form presented by its compilers, no wonder some do reject it!

In this maze of "confusion worse confounded," we cannot too gratefully appreciate the services which Mr. Bosanquet and the distinguished astronomers who have given their invaluable aid to the verification of his leading epoch, have jointly conferred on the cause of truth and progress, by demonstrating that some portions of this vaunted Canon, not fixed by eclipses, *must* be rejected as mere arbitrary arrangements of its compilers. Nevertheless, the difficulty of Ezra's and Nehemiah's appearance at the Restoration is only reduced by 30 years, which still protracts their lives so far beyond the limits of probability, in the reign of "Artaxerxes, king of Persia," as to suggest the question,—Can this be the Artaxerxes Longimanus whose reign begins B.C. 465? Mr. Bosanquet has already met this difficulty half-way, by identifying Xerxes with the Artaxerxes of Ezra. But as Nehemiah mentions the 32nd year of his sovereign, while Xerxes only has 21 in the Canon, Mr. Bosanquet felt himself obliged to defer the mission of Nehemiah to the longer reign of Artaxerxes Longimanus. This, under Mr. Bosanquet's date for the completion and dedication of the wall, B.C. 435, would find Ezra and Nehemiah officiating at upwards of 110 years of age, which is manifestly inadmissible.

There is a circumstance not hitherto noticed by commentators on the history of this period, which I will venture to submit to their consideration as the only means I can see of removing this remaining difficulty.

Darius never was king of Persia in his own right. Cambyzes died without posterity; his son Cyrus, the Cyrus of Scripture, who—in right of his mother Mandane—had succeeded Ahasuerus, or Cyaxares II. as king of Media, having preceded his father to the grave, childless also. The sister and widow of Cambyzes, Atossa, was now the sole representative of the royal house of Cyrus I. Darius, as son-in-law of Cyaxares, was elected king of Media and Babylon. It was rather unhand-some of him to ascribe his personal elevation to his horse instead of to his wife. With the keen eye to his interest that won him the nickname of the "shopkeeper-king," he laid the foundation of supreme power for his own house, by marrying the heiress Atossa. Still he was only king-consort, administrator for the true heir, his own son by Atossa. Xerxes would thus have ascended the throne of Persia in his own right, inheriting the supremacy over all Asia, even over his own father, at his mother's death, or his own majority. He therefore reigned over Persia many more years than the 21 years of the Babylonian canon, which are only the years of his reign at Babylon, as successor of Darius to the Median realm.

In this way, Ezra's special mission to Jerusalem, in the 7th year of Artaxerxes, as bearer of costly gifts from the "king of kings" for the Temple, (vii. 12—20), would bear a date long prior to the death of Darius. It may, indeed, coincide with the Dedication of the Temple. The father's decree had authorized his subjects to restore it: the son, presiding over the superior realm, sanctions his father's act by endowing it. The longevity of Ezra and Nehemiah need not then be stretched to any unreasonable bounds, to show them both still active and zealous in the discharge of their duties at the restoration and dedication of the wall of Jerusalem, soon after the 20th year of the same Artaxerxes, as this might fall almost immediately after the death of Darius.

Hammersmith.

FANNY CORBAUX.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

ON Saturday last, a meeting of noblemen and gentlemen was held at Mereworth Castle, the seat of Lord Falmouth, when it was resolved, "that a Society be formed, to be called 'The Kent Archaeological Society,' and that the rules of the Sussex Archaeological Society having been already tested by experience, should be adopted by the Society." The Marquis Camden was elected President, and the Earls of Abergavenny, Amherst, and Darnley, Viscount Falmouth, Sir E. Bridges, Sir E. Dering, T. Wykeham Marten, Esq., M.P., J. Whatman, Esq., M.P., and the Hon. T. Mostyn, were nominated Vice-Presidents; and the names of upwards of fifty Members were at once enrolled. That Kent has done well and wisely in establishing an independent Society there can be little doubt. That in at once adopting the Sussex Society's rules, its promoters have shown good judgment, and a freedom from local or petty jealousy is equally clear,—for the Sussex Society has done its work in a most satisfactory and praiseworthy manner. The Surrey Archaeologists will now, we presume, withdraw their proposal, and rest contented with what a contemporary has justly awarded to them, "the credit of having stimulated the antiquaries of Kent to follow their good example."

We are to have a 'Dance of Death'! In consequence of the unspeakable horrors of this year's Indian history, because of the atrocities inflicted on women and children,—because of revolt, rapine, violation, massacre,—a grand *fête* has been announced as about to take place in London! "for the benefit of the sufferers." What sympathizers are those who must rattle through a Jullien Quadrille of All Nations, or whirl to Miss Gilbert's Vandyke Polka, or have some violent enjoyment or another, before they can look melancholy and carry their alms to the Indian fund!

A Correspondent writes thus:—"Are you able to inform me if the collected poems of Winthrop

Mackworth Praed are ever to make their appearance? At intervals of a year an announcement appears suggestive of vitality on the part of the editors, the Rev. Messrs. Coleridge and Moultrie; but nothing seems to come of it.

We must give a line to notice the recent death of the once-celebrated French improvisatore, Eugène Pradel. In his *spécialité* he was, perhaps, never equalled. His general knowledge was so great, that he was never the least embarrassed whatever subject was given to him to rhyme upon. He often rose to the level of the highest poetry; and some of his lines, flung carelessly forth, uttered, heard, but not long remembered, are said to have been remarkable for their beauty. We are sorry to see it stated in the *Courrier de Paris*, that Pradel, who loved to live luxuriously, died in a condition of poverty.

France has just had to regret the loss of two very different, yet, in their respective ways, "solid" men. Étienne Quatremère and Gustave Planché died last week. At such a period as 1808 it was something startling to find a young man of six-and-twenty whose early years had been quietly devoted to study, while all about him was ruin or excitement. At the age indicated, Étienne Quatremère published his 'Critical and Historical Researches on the Language and Literature of Europe.' Since that period his works have been many, his merits great, and the honours he has reaped distinguished and well deserved. Among Oriental scholars he stood in the first rank, and he may be said to have accumulated the wealth that he loved, for he died worth more than 30,000 volumes. At the last meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, the President simply announced the loss incurred by the Republic of Letters, and the members paid silent homage to their late colleague, by immediately dispersing. —Gustave Planché was born in the year in which Étienne Quatremère produced his first work; but he commenced his literary career at a rather earlier age than the young philologist, and in his 22nd year was a Parisian reviewer. As a critic he is best known: as a writer he was less brilliant than solid; but his taste was good, his judgment correct, and his temper so well governed, though stern, that he could be at once excessively severe, and yet generous. He may be said to have formed the style of George Sand—a service which that lady has appropriately acknowledged in print.

Manin, the ex-President of the Venetian Republic, one of the most prominent and respectable of recent revolutionary leaders, and celebrated for his gallant defence against the Austrians, died in Paris, on Monday, of disease of the heart.

While on the subject of deaths, we may add, that the following lines (in *Knickerbocker*) form part of a suggested epitaph for the grave of John Howard Payne, at Tunis:—

Sure when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretch'd God's angels said,
"Welcome to Heaven's 'Home, sweet Home,'"

A paragraph in the newspapers indicates the desperate condition of Mdlle. Rachel's health. Her medical adviser has proposed a remedial course, which demands absolute silence on the part of the lady. Mdlle. Rachel has heroically determined to "hold her tongue" till next May!—*Ecoutez, Mesdames!*

The King of Wurtemberg, says the *Courrier de Paris*, lived in very citizen-like style at Biarritz, under the name of the Vicomte de Teck. He bathed with the other bathers like a common mortal. The Commissary of Police, whose duty it was to inscribe the names of the bathers in his book, thus filled up the blanks in his printed register:—"Christian and Surname," *Count de Teck*; "Profession," *King*; "Whence coming," *Wurtemberg*; "Motive for Travelling," *Health and Pleasure*.

Salvandi has made a "hit" by his performance of Othello, in Paris. In the last scene, he did not stab himself,—indeed he could not very well do so, as he wore a curved dagger. This, however, he drew across his throat,—and the public looked rather astonished.

At the little Sunday balls, of about 160 persons, given at Biarritz by the Empress Eugénie, Her

Majesty has introduced with immense success our old country-dance "Sir Roger de Coverley."

In another month Cagliari, Malta, Corfu, and the principal Mediterranean stations, will be in connexion,—582 miles, or somewhat more than half the length of the cable, having been completed, and satisfactorily tested, by Messrs. Newall, the contractors. The cable, we learn, consists of a single conducting wire, with an outer protective sheath of iron wire; but the outer wires, unlike those of the Atlantic cable, are not subdivided into a number of small filaments, but each strand is a solid mass and distinct in itself. With favourable weather, the connexion, it is hoped, will hold by the end of October.

The new Berlin edition of the works of Frederick the Great has been brought to a close. This edition has been published in two forms: the one in quarto (of which only two hundred copies have been printed), and the other in octavo. The whole comprises thirty volumes, in five sections, of which seven volumes are dedicated to History, two to Philosophy, five to Poetry, three to Military Science, and twelve to the Correspondence of the King. The last volume contains a chronological catalogue of the works of Frederick, as well as a critical list of the writings attributed to him.

The German historians and antiquaries (Ludwig Uhland, the veteran poet, among the number) have met this year at Augsburg. The first day of the meeting (15th of September) was chosen for the solemn unveiling of the statue of Hans Jacob Fugger, the royal gift of King Louis, of Bavaria, to the city of Augsburg. The statue, modelled by Herr Brugger, the Munich sculptor, and cast in the royal bronze foundry by Herr von Miller, is raised on a marble pedestal, the frontispiece of which bears the inscription:—"Hans Jacob Fugger, Beförderer der Wissenschaft," while, on the opposite side, we read:—"Errichtet von Ludwig I., König von Bayern, Herzog in Schwaben, 1857."

The Emperor Alexander, at his recent visit at Warsaw, has done an act of justice to the memory of one of Poland's greatest poets, which may truly be called an event for that country. All the works of Adam Mickiewicz, as is well known, were hitherto most strictly prohibited throughout Poland and Russia, so much so that even those volumes which had been printed before the Polish-Russian war with the sanction of the authorities, were not allowed to be reprinted, so that they had become as it were, bibliographic curiosities. Regarding the latter works of Mickiewicz, the very possession of them was punished as a crime, and many persons had to languish for years in the dungeons of the Warsaw Citadel, many had to wander to Siberia, for no other reason than for having read the "Thadæus" or the "Dzядzia" (Walpurgis) of the exiled poet. The Emperor Alexander who, when a child, received instruction in the Polish language from Mickiewicz, living at that time at St. Petersburg, has now, in a rescript addressed to the Director of Public Instruction in Poland, M. de Muchanow, ordered the works of the poet to be free for print, and the copyright is to be the sole property of the poet's children, up to their being of age. The German papers report that it is difficult to give an adequate idea of the happy excitement which this news has created at Warsaw. The publisher, Herr Märzbach, has entered at once into negotiation with the trustees of Mickiewicz's children, offering a sum of 6,000 silver roubles for a first edition, and he is certain to reap a large profit notwithstanding that high figure. The Emperor Alexander, in his letter to M. de Muchanow, represents this proof of liberality (always speaking comparatively), as an act of personal piety to the memory of his late teacher; but the wisest policy could not have advised him better, in order partly to reconcile the hearts of much-tried and much-injured Poland. We only regret to see, by a statement in the French papers, that the Russian Government has refused permission to the daughters of the late poet to return to Poland. The moderation and conciliating views of the now dead minstrel should have earned less cruel treatment for his children.

On the 15th of September, Dr. R. Luther, at

Bilk, near Düsseldorf, discovered a new planet of the eleventh magnitude. The correctness of the discovery has already been confirmed by the Royal Observatory, at Bonn. The number of the known planets amounts at present to fifty-five, of which forty-seven belong to the system between Mars and Jupiter.

Among the uses of a vacation is the opportunity which it gives of devoting quiet attention to the questions which storm, and froth, and bubble during the Session of Parliament. Accordingly, it is very desirable that all the materials collected by Commissions, Committees, &c. should be published as soon as they are printed. From all we can learn, we are much afraid that this wholesome rule is not to be regarded in the case of the Answers to the Questions on decimal coinage proposed by Lord Overstone. The Answers are printed and ready; but the Commissioners give them neither to the Crown, nor the Parliament, nor the People. It ought to be remembered that these Questions were announced with some flourish from a portion of the press. They were to change the whole appearance of the question; they were to route the whole phalanx of the decimalists. They have been answered; and there is somewhere or other a disinclination to let the public see the Answers. Now this backwardness is not on the part of the decimalists: it must then be on the part of those who would remain as we are. The delay itself will soon count as an answer. But why not have two answers? Why does not the Decimal Association collect the answers from the respondents, and publish them? Surely the Crown has no copyright in them. We should then have, first, the answer of the querist himself (for Lord Overstone must be held responsible for the delay) contained in the retention of the actual replies; secondly, the very replies which have thus drawn out the other and shorter answer. At the head of the questions was a quotation from the Peel Memoirs, as follows:—"The best opportunity is thus (by written memoranda) afforded for a mature consideration of statements made and arguments adduced. . . . and the most effectual precaution taken against misconception and hasty inconsiderate decision." Now, though keeping the Answers piled up in a printer's warehouse is certainly a precaution against misconception and hasty decision, we put it with all respect to Lord Overstone that it is equally a precaution against any construction and decision. How then can it give an opportunity for mature consideration? So far as we can make out, only one page of the uppermost copies can be read, and that only by the people who belong to the warehouse in which the whole is stacked.

FINE ARTS

Gallery of the Masterpieces of German Woodcutting, in Fac-simile Copies—[Galerie der Meisterwerke, &c.] With Illustrative Remarks by Dr. Von Eye and Jacob Falke. Part I. (Nuremberg, Schmid; London, Williams & Norgate.)

Dr. Eye and Mr. Falke are both gentlemen connected with the Nuremberg Museum. This work is to contain fac-similes, obtained not by photography, but by some new process, of the finest old woodcuts of Cranach, Dürer, &c. German wood-cutting, contemporaneous with the German Reformation, typifies the freedom, daring, and truthfulness of that great religious progress. The awkward flapping-portfolio size of this work is the only drawback to its usefulness in tracing the history, through its rise and progress, of this interesting and important branch of art. The first number of this periodical is published in the quaint old city of Nuremberg, within sight of the blue Franconian mountains. It contains 'A Herald riding on a Griffin,' by Burghmann,—a colossal head of Christ, by Dürer,—and 'The Apostles,' by Cranach—all the size of the original, and full of a strong and almost brutal life, quite unattainable in these nervous and thinner-skinned days. The Griffin and rider plate is from "the triumph of the chivalrous and hot-headed Emperor Maximilian," and is a fine example of the art so characteristic

of the sixteenth century, in which it flourished, and worthy the strong hand of Hans,—who, one would think, had not only seen, but kept a griffin. At this time the German mind was awaking to freedom, to increased sensitiveness, and firm earnestness. The German fancy and humour were at their climax; and the great struggle for the right of conscience, that roused every man to the fullest exercise of his powers, had already begun. The nation was simple, prosperous, religious, and happy,—the four great necessities for great Art. Deep vital imagination animates Burghmann's beast; every limb ramps with Titanic nerve and strength; he has united a thousand strange elements of fancy with one organic individuality. What do we see? A huge beast with the wings of a vulture, the legs of a lion, and the claws of an eagle. It is twenty hands high at least, and fourteen feet long. It has wild boar's ears, and a bird's head; its claws are of enormous strength; it lashes the air of fairyland with a lion's tail; its vast pinions would overshadow a church, and are of tremendous stretch. It tramples on an Albert Dürer soil of dock-leaves and pebbles. Its body, lean and agile, swells with muscle. It is huge and ghastly as a monster of the Apocalypse. On its back rides a sort of naked gladiator, crowned with laurel, blowing on a strange garlanded horn, while a great winding scroll billows from his neck, as he puffs with earnest eyes and swollen cheeks. "Observe," as Mr. Ruskin says, the brawny limbs of the rider, how securely he rides on the beast's shoulder, supported by the wing. Mark the creature's threatening eyes, and its great mane of feathers. Nothing is left to the fancy. The breadth has lines to imply it, and the sweep of lines is eminently powerful and impressive.

Dürer's colossal head of Christ deserves careful study. We all know that Raphael declared that if he had lived among the masterpieces of Art, he would have surpassed "all of us." We know that he was the son of a Nuremberg goldsmith, who, after travelling four years as an itinerant painter, returned home and married Agnes Frey, a rich shrew. His wife was a manager (a dreadful virtue), and poor Albert worked for his bread and had tears to salt it with. He died in misery in 1528. Protestantism starved its great painter and gave him no work, being too spiritual for such materialities. Dürer, with the wonderful fertility of the old mind, was at once a sculptor, a copper and wood engraver, a mathematician, a painter, and an engineer. This head is a disputed work, and sometimes wants his great monogram. It is full of grand dignity and majestic suffering. It shows us both Christ the victim and Christ the judge of the world. It is grander than the Phidian Jove and finer than any Grecian Jupiter. Much as all Christian representations of God must partake of that type of all majesty possible in man, its simple, earnest strength is of the sledge hammer force, not a superfluous line, not a line deficient. Every ring of the beard curls, every thick nail of the thorns, every wave of the hair, is done at once and without feeble retouching. This wood-cutting is the play of a strong mind and a vigorous robust hand. There is healthy pleasure in this power; no nervous straining or morbid tip-toeing. Now for Cranach's Apostles. Lucas was, like Dürer, the son of a painter, and his own wood-cutter; he served the Elector of Saxony for fifty years. John and John Frederic he also faithfully ministered to, and when nearly seventy shared the captivity of his master when taken prisoner after the battle of Muhlberg. He eventually died working in their service. Cranach was Mayor of Wittenberg and a friend of Luther and Melancthon, whose portraits he painted. His works are full of quiet repose, simplicity, and a child-like humour. Piety and religious fervour always animate his power. These Apostles are taken from an illustrated history of relics preserved in Wittenberg Cathedral. Here is St. Paul with his sword, St. Matthew with his square, St. Andrew with his cross, St. Taddæus with his club, St. Peter with the keys, and another St. Paul with two swords. The figures, though coarse and sometimes approaching the ruffianly, look real apostles, capable of doing and suffering.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—"With surprising alacrity to meet the times," Mr. Charles Marshall, of Her Majesty's Theatre, has prepared, from sketches, maps, and engravings, a panoramic view of Delhi, which is now on view, and is lectured on daily by one of those smooth-tongued expositors, with a white wand, that moves like a clock-hand over the surface of the picture, which is painted with the theatrical exaggerations of ultramarine water and plains of burnt sienna, dotted here and there with white and black rebels and red Englishmen. The panorama conveys an excellent impression of the Mogul city, with its domes and minarets, wall and river, plain and mountains. To the right, over a ridge of hills, we see the white flock of English tents, from whence the fire-wind beats down on the gilded crescents of the bloody city. In front, the wide blue river washes the walls, kissing the hem of its garment, and worshipping, like Vashti, at the feet of Ahazuerus. Near it is the Cashmere gate and the English church; in front the strong Palace, the Malakoff of this Indian city. Far away over the plain is the Serai, or old Bedzel, near the Lalla Rookh gardens, which the 60th Rifles took by a *coup-de-main*. The wide cross-way streets, the green avenue of trees, the picturesque houses, the strong bastions, the massy walls, all remind us of past empire and present rebellion; and the huge circuit of the city shows us better than any reading could depict, the long, weary march over broken ground and past hollow old forts, which all reinforcements have to make before they can reach the camp on the high plateau. There, too, is that Golgotha, strewn with noisome dead, which lies between us and Delhi, and from which hostile Indian winds bear in certain currents hot pestilence and death. Here, too, is the Meerut road, and the pontoon bridge, over which the rebels, scarfed and turbaned, insolent and drunk with slaughter, poured in bayonets and flags, drums and cymbals, cursing, singing, firing, ready to wreak on English and innocent heads revenge for a country's degradations. In the distance stretch the blue mountains, skirting the plain, perhaps the second Plassy that will win us a second and a firmer empire.

Australia, with leisure and wealth enough to encourage Art, is about to bestow its first commission on a young sculptor. A full-length figure of Mr. Wentworth, one of the oldest and most influential colonists, is to be erected at Sydney, and the commission, we understand, has been given to Mr. Thomas Woolner, the sculptor of the fine bust of Tennyson.

The brass statue of Kant (on a pedestal of marble) will soon be erected at Königsberg. Its separate parts are being joined in the studio of Prof. Rauch, at Berlin, and the whole, it is expected, cannot fail to make a striking effect. The statue is an accurate copy, only on a larger scale, of Prof. Rauch's *alto-relievo* statue of the philosopher on the pedestal of the monument of Frederick the Great, at Berlin. Kant is represented on this pedestal in a conversation with Lessing; he stands bending forward, and has raised one arm, as if lifting it in inspired speech.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

DRURY LANE.—Nothing can better show the inconvenience of too large a house, than the fact that this magnificent theatre is at present only available for occasional services, and that the enterprising lessee does not feel himself justified in engaging in anything that has the appearance of continuous business. The stage is devoted to tentative efforts, not to any permanent purpose. A gentleman, named Mr. Roberts, it appears, has been for some period a popular actor in the United States, and, as such, has made a claim for a trial on the boards of our great national theatre. This claim Mr. Smith acknowledged, and announced the appearance of the new candidate, for six nights only, "in a series of Shakspearian characters." This short engagement commenced on Monday, when Mr. Roberts appeared as *Sir Giles Overreach*, in 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts.' We need not inform our readers that this play is not Shakspeare's; but per-

happens the term "Shakspearian" in the play-bill was intended to distinguish the kind, and not the authorship, of the dramas proposed for representation. It may be a substitute for the word "Elizabethan," and indicate the style and spirit of the productions. However this may be, the series was led off by this well-known work of Massinger; and our present business is with the merits of the *débutant*. The new aspirants to the stage, whether male or female, do not appear to be persons of great physical power, with peculiar histrionic aptitudes, but educated and intellectual individuals who have looked on the drama from its literary side. Mr. Roberts is an exceedingly small man—smaller than Edmund Kean was, and as small as Mr. Robson is. His first appearance on the stage, from his diminutive size, was rather startling; and it soon became evident that his vocal organ was feeble. But there was also evidence about him that he was an actor, well studied, practised and self-possessed. During the first two acts he made no demonstration, read the text in the manner easiest to himself; but, by an occasional spasmodic emphasis, raised expectations that were destined not to be disappointed. In the fourth and fifth acts he threw off all reserve, and, by straining his voice, became not only audible, but loud, vehement, and passionate. To such a *physique* an arena like that of Drury Lane must have been exceedingly trying. Mr. Roberts is a decidedly good, even forcible actor, of the Kean school, with more than the ordinary amount of stage intelligence, thoroughly versed in his business, and capable of great specific efficiency; but he requires a small theatre. The audience, however, did justice to his evident talent; and his performance was doubtless a fair success. The part of *Wellborn* was performed by Mr. Belton, who has returned from his American tour, and is apparently increased in health and power. His voice has acquired considerable compass, and he will be singularly eligible for the English boards, as the representative of the young and dashing heroes of our drama. He has altogether improved, and has returned at a time, we think, when such an actor is much wanted. The house was moderately attended; but the audience were considerate and attentive, and the verdict passed on the merits of the new actor was deliberately and conscientiously given.

On Wednesday Mr. Roberts attempted a more arduous and ambitious character, the *Leopold* of Shakspeare, we were about to state; but unfortunately, the corrupt version of Nahum Tate and his followers was preferred. The smallness of the actor perpetually interfered with the dignity of the assumption; nay, sometimes irresistibly provoked a smile. It is, therefore, all the more to the credit of the performer that he rose above this disadvantage, and manifested the supremacy of mind over bodily deficiency. In many respects Mr. Roberts was more fortunate on this evening than on that of his *début*. He knew better his proper position on the stage, and was audible from the beginning. The "curse," with which the first act of the Tate version concludes, was delivered with much emphatic and intense power. The second act, also, was tolerably equal, and the choleric king found an adequate representation, although the more poetic points were missed. A voice wanting in volume necessarily sacrifices the music of expression. On this account the famous heath scene was inadequately interpreted, notwithstanding that Mr. Belton as *Edgar*, by his excellent acting, did all that could be accomplished for supporting the situation. The fourth and fifth acts were better sustained. Here Mr. Roberts succeeded in elevating his voice, and resorted to every elocutionary contrivance by which his natural defects could be supplemented. He struggled hard for a triumph, and intellect fairly gained the mastery, if it did not win a splendid victory. In struggles such as these the spectator struggles with the *artiste*, and the perception of the strife interferes with the enjoyment of the scene, disturbing both the *repose* of the actor and the audience. That last excellence, artistic *repose*, is unattainable under such circumstances. Mr. Roberts is a clever man; but the finish which is needed to complete representation must, for the reasons stated, be denied to

him. Though disqualified from maintaining the high position which he has claimed, as an intelligent performer in parts more within the limits of his natural capacity, he may prove serviceable in his profession.

HAYMARKET.—It frequently happens, in our stage experience, that a *débutante*, who makes but a moderate success in a Shakspearian character, will achieve a decided one in a part by some other author. There is a poetic sinew in the meanest creation of Shakspeare's mind which tests at once the calibre of a performer's capacity. Mrs. Sinclair, whose *Beatrice* was but a faint rendering of our great poet's meaning, has in *Lady Teazle* since shown that Sheridan's heroine was fairly within the compass of her powers. There is, indeed, a wide distance between the poetic drama of the age of Elizabeth, and the modern comedy of wit and domestic scandal. Mrs. Sinclair brings out into strong relief the rustic points of *Lady Teazle*'s character, and thus suggests an adequate excuse for the faults into which she is seduced. There is, in this respect, a strong similarity between the conception of Knowles's *Julia* and Sheridan's *Lady Teazle*, only the aberrations of the former are displayed and corrected before marriage, those of the latter after. The former, however, soars a much higher flight, owing to the author's sympathies with the Elizabethan writers, and his poetic predilections. The moral forces are brought into distinct play and manifestation, and we hear the heart-throbs, with a certain grandeur in them, as they beat in the bosom of an intellectual and too impulsive girl, on the verge of womanhood. All this, however, was *carrière* to the elegant author of 'The School for Scandal,'—required a robustness of mind and a depth of sentiment not to be expected either in the man or his work; and would, in fact, have been out of place in such a comedy. Mrs. Sinclair's *Julia*, we opine, would prove very unsatisfactory, though her *Helen* might please. The former would demand an insight into motives and feelings which are purposely ignored in such a part as *Lady Teazle*. Under these circumstances, there is reason to believe that Mrs. Sinclair in prose domestic comedy will find a field in which her talents may be not unfavourably exhibited. She continues to be well received by the audience.

GLANCES AT MUSIC IN AUSTRIA.

A "snatch" at the Austrian capital—not a stay in it—will content most travellers already familiar with its picture galleries,—unless they be so young as to care for little except balls, high and low, proper and improper, (balls, too, from which Strauss and Lanner, with their bewitching music, have departed,)—or so old as to prefer a society thinly sprinkled with achievements and brains, thick set with stars and orders, with acres and family jewels, with heraldic bearings and compliments,—with all, in short, that is most aristocratic, orthodox, and stale in Christendom. The musician at least, who is in search of life rather than tradition, will do well to pause elsewhere.

Yet—if this be a just impression—"the pity of it" (as *Othello* says) must strike every one with an eye and a heart for what is picturesque. The richness of what may be called the native material for Art which Austria contains in scenery, habits, temperament, impresses me now, even more than it did, when Vienna was a capital new to a young traveller. No metropolis, save our own London, is approached by such a water-way as Vienna possesses in the Danube. I sent home a word or two on the capital national music we found at Ischl:—we went down the stream from Linz on a day of pilgrimage. At almost every station where the boat swung round to take in passengers was to be seen a crowded file of wild and reverential-looking peasant men, women and children, with crucifix, banner and priest, who chanted prayers and sang hymns. We must have passed half-a-dozen large boats crammed with these poor devout creatures, giving a semi-savage life to the wild river, and whose submissive superstition contrasted so humbly with the haughty splendour of the monasteries, which look down on the Danube like so many kings' palaces. Be it less or more that sights and scenes like these

say to the judgment, one might expect that they must quicken the fancy,—one might justifiably predicate that in lands where they form part of the experience of every child of the soil, those imaginative arts, which appeal to sense more than to thought, should flourish richly and spontaneously. Fresh and noble German music should come out of the Danube,—were Music a spirit, whose presence might be counted on, and not a voice, capricious and passing, dying away here, breaking out there, with a fantastic irregularity tantalizing to follow, and perplexing to explain.

How dead has musical creation been in Vienna since the death of Schubert!—how barren its famed Opera-house of novelty, since 'Euryanthe' was produced there, to be dubbed 'L'Émmyante' by the wittlings! No great player, on any instrument, has gone hence since M. Thalberg appeared:—no great singer since Herr Staudigl. Nevertheless, the *corps de* the German Opera, at Vienna, is now, as formerly, one of the completest and best. The orchestra and chorus seem to me considerably quickened by the appointment of Herr Eckert as conductor,—and are bright, sonorous and energetic. I heard them tried to the utmost in that difficult opera 'L'Étoile,' where deficiency in *finesse* was made up for (in the second act, at least,) by an earnest vigour, which might be a little coarse; but was, therefore, all the better in keeping with the spirit of the camp scene. The work (to judge from the crowd, and the raptures of an audience studded with military men, white blue, and green,) seems to be in first favour at Vienna, where the repertory has never, as at Berlin, leaned towards what is classical and severe. The other opera I heard was M. von Flotow's 'Martha,'—on the whole evenly performed,—not, however, sweetly or smoothly. 'So flimsy is the music, that when lightness and suavity are wanting to its gaiety, the effect is heavy and disheartening. Nevertheless, it is M. von Flotow's best opera; and the most popular semi-serious opera, it may be added, which has been produced in Germany for many a long day. I have described the company of vocalists at the *Kärntner Thor* Theatre as complete, liberal in numbers, and accomplished, according to the German acceptance of the word—which is neither Italian, nor French, nor English. Some have good voices,—all "get through" the music with a strenuous heartiness, with which one would be glad to endow many a lazy Italian given to *far-niente* till the *cantabile* or *cavatina* of his part arrives,—but none of them sing—produce the voice (that is) to its best advantage, and play with the music while they express it. All is—

Work, work, work,
And the labour it never flags.

Nothing is too high,—nothing is too hard,—no thing is thoroughly finished. Respectability and much endeavour,—such would be no unfair character in four words of modern German singing; and its fairness might be proved by the fact, that here the only artist I heard who had the slightest charm was Herr Ander, the tenor, whose want of such amenity in London when he appeared with Italian playfellows, prevented his success there. Mdlle. Wildauer, who sang dauntlessly through M. Meyerbeer's opera, is too superficial to venture on male disguise. Mdlle. Tietjens possesses a fine voice,—a pure, strong, even *soprano* of two octaves and more in compass, which might have been cultivated into an organ of first-rate quality. As it is, she is conscientious and sure, but hard. Madame Czillag (I believe, a Hungarian lady) takes the *mezzo-soprano* and *contralto* parts,—but her voice is weak and woolly, and not always in tune. Herr Beck is a fervent baritone, to accommodate whose want of weight in the lower register, the part of *Peter*, in 'L'Étoile,' has been arranged. Herren Hölzel (well known to the London public) and Draxler, are older stagers. Herr Auerbach, a tenor, of whom report speaks well, is absent on a starring expedition. The company, to sum up, is one to which no composer need hesitate entrusting any opera, grave or gay. But where is the novelty? So far as a passing stranger could make out, there is small disposition in Vienna to admit the musicians for futurity into its high places. 'Tannhäuser' was played, it is

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true, but in a minor theatre. The sharp tone of certain journals concerning the empty boxes at the late Weimar celebrations, and the new transcendental symphonies performed there,—and the announcement of a coming revival of an opera by Nicolai—may further be allowed to indicate, perhaps, that the “hammer and tongs” of republicanism in music will not yet awhile be allowed to attempt their discords in the *Kärntner Thor* Theatre. It is said, by the way, that among other schemes for beautifying Vienna (which include the annihilation of the fortifications, and the converting the glacis into a *boulevard*), the erection of two splendid theatres, in place of the opera-house and the classical *Burg Theatre*, is contemplated.

I thought I had “closed accounts” with music in Austria when I had gone the round of the Vienna opera-singers, and enjoyed the glorious military music of the band that plays at noon in the palace court; but Gratz, besides strengthening the impressions hinted at in the outset of this letter, gave me something to hear. I had not gone ten steps in that town when I met the funeral of a young girl, followed by a numerous company. In this almost every girl and child wore a crown of white flowers, and before the pale blue coffin went a small band of wind instruments—horns, trumpets, and trombones—breathing no penitential psalm, but one of those secular slow movements which, let them be ever so voluptuously sweet, have always a tone of rich melancholy when they are thus scored, and thus was not felt frivolous or jarring. There was something mournfully festive in the procession as it passed along through the uncovered crowd, and in this application of music, which I have not met before,—something here, again, to touch chords which are left alone in sterner countries. But let others decide how far vibration implies inspiration, the subject is one too deep and delicate to be handled in a few hasty lines. The afternoon picture, with its impressions, was followed in the evening by a hearing at the Theatre of ‘*The Armourer of Worms*,’ by Lortzing, not the best of his half-score ingenious operas, yet not altogether bad. Had he commanded a little more sparkle and piquancy he—and not M. von Flotow—might have been the light composer elect for the German theatres; but that last grace which charms, that last point which hits a public, were not in him. In his way Lortzing anticipated Herr Wagner by being his own *librettist*. He sang, too, and played in his own operas; but what he produced required no theory, no abuse of past composers, no daring and gifted partizans to force it down. It was merely facile, pleasing, and neatly put together, and thus it deservedly lingers rather than lives in the theatres, its maker having died without gaining a name, or gathering either a flock of disciples or a fortune. The ‘*Armourer*’ was as reasonably well given, as an opera can be in which the *prima donna* sings unreasonably ill. The band and chorus at Gratz are sufficient, and the men (allowing for gesticulations in that telegraphic style so dear to the minor actors of Germany) not offensive.

MISCELLANEA

Scene of Gray’s ‘*Elegy*,’—I should feel much obliged if you would do me the favour of inserting in the columns of the *Athenæum* the substance of the statement which I now beg to communicate to you. Not long since, in the course of a conversation in which I was engaged with a physician of the city of Canterbury, lately retired from practice, it was mentioned by him that the “country churchyard” to which Gray was indebted for the imagery which he has introduced into his beautiful ‘*Elegy*’ is not Stoke Pogis,—as it has been so generally supposed,—but that of Thanington, which lies on the sloping bank of the river Stour, about one mile and a half above the city of Canterbury. On my writing to him afterwards on the same subject, I was favoured with a reply, wherein he states his reasons, pretty much as follows, for believing Thanington Churchyard to be the scene of the ‘*Elegy*:—“In reply to your letter, —, I can only repeat what I received

from the lips of my old friend spontaneously in the course of conversation, as I was seated at her window, in St. George’s Place, to witness the return of Sir E. Knatchbull from Barham Downs, after his election for the county in 1835. She then affirmed that she was well acquainted with the author of the ‘*Elegy*,’ Mr. Gray, who was an occasional visitor to a Mr. Drew, a medical man of this city,—and that the spot which gave rise to the poem was Thanington Churchyard. Mrs. Lukyn could have had no other object in giving me this information than that of affording a pleasure to me, as a long-known friend of her and her family,—for both she and her sister had long been patients of my father, and were well acquainted with me when a child. The old lady died in the spring of 1835, at the age of eighty-three. She was the last surviving child of the Rev. Ant. Lukyn, late Rector of St. Mildred’s, Canterbury, and Vicar of Reculver, who died in 1778, as appears from the obituary of the *Gentleman’s Magazine*. Mrs. Lukyn’s memory, therefore, which seems to have been fully impressed with the fact, may well have been carried back to the period when Gray visited Canterbury. I feel assured, then, that the yew-tree, which, from the circumstances I have had related to me by my old friend, appears to have stood at the elbow of the poet,—and the farm close by,—and the ivy-covered tower,—and the curfew” (meaning the eight o’clock cathedral-bell) “added to the picturesque churchyard,—are all closely identified with the imagery so beautifully displayed by Gray.”—Such are the reasons, grounded, as you see, on internal as well as external testimony, which my correspondent alleges in support of his opinion on this subject. Whether they will appear to be *probable* ones to yourself, is, I think, a doubtful matter; whilst I am sure that they will be pronounced altogether *improbable* by that large class of the community which has assigned this contested honour to Stoke Pogis. I should add, that the scenery adjacent to Thanington Churchyard, and many of its rural circumstances, are very much as my correspondent has described them,—and, further, that I think the epithet “neglected”—for reasons that I need not now explain—must have been far more applicable to it a hundred years ago than to a churchyard like that of Stoke Pogis, placed, as it is, in the midst of a park, and very near a large house then occupied by Viscountess Cobham, and, moreover, only distant four miles from Windsor Castle. I have no doubt but that my informant will allow me to acquaint you with his name and address if you should wish for them.

A New Trade Trick.—When, after all forms of puffing have been exhausted in vain, a book remains unsold, a fresh title-page is printed. The volume formerly called ‘*The War in the Punjab*,’ is now called ‘*The Bengal Mutiny*.’ ‘*Misery*,’ a tale of appalling interest, reappears as ‘*Woe! Woe!*’ a work which should be in every young lady’s hands. It will come out next year as ‘*Eulalie*;’ or, the Story of an Anguished Heart.’—*Leader*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—F. J. C. Massachusetts.—X.—Nobody.—An East Anglian.—J. M. Halesworth.—received. The communication of J. D. (Dublin) is acknowledged, with thanks.

* * * In a recent notice of Mr. Webster’s ‘*Recurring Periods*,’ we said that we could not find a passage to quote, which should describe the alleged phenomena. Mr. Webster writes us a letter, in which, referring to this inability of ours, he says:—“If Sir, I could induce you to look for a few minutes from page 137 to page 148, comprising an abstract of year 1845 from the Greenwich observations.” Is this a passage to quote; twelve pages of observations! We did look at this abstract, and from it we gave the best account we could; but we would rather have done it in the author’s own words. Again, because we said that Mr. Webster “imagines himself” to have discovered a certain law, Mr. Webster thinks we have treated his theory as a “mere imagination.” We expressly said that we put the matter before our readers, without pretending to form a judgment. If it will be any satisfaction to Mr. Webster, we repeat again, that we do not know, and cannot know, whether his law be true or false: our business was to lay it before our readers, as an assertion of his, with some account of his own mode of supporting it. Reviewers are often charged with misunderstanding their authors: but if a publication could be made of all the letters which editors receive, it would appear that, though all that is said against them were true, reviewers understand their authors much better than authors their reviewers.

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And Empowered by Act of Parliament of the 54th Geo. 3. c. 78.

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number of Annual Payments.* The last-named mode of Assurance
originated with this Office in 1816.

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HENRY DESBOROUGH, Secretary.

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